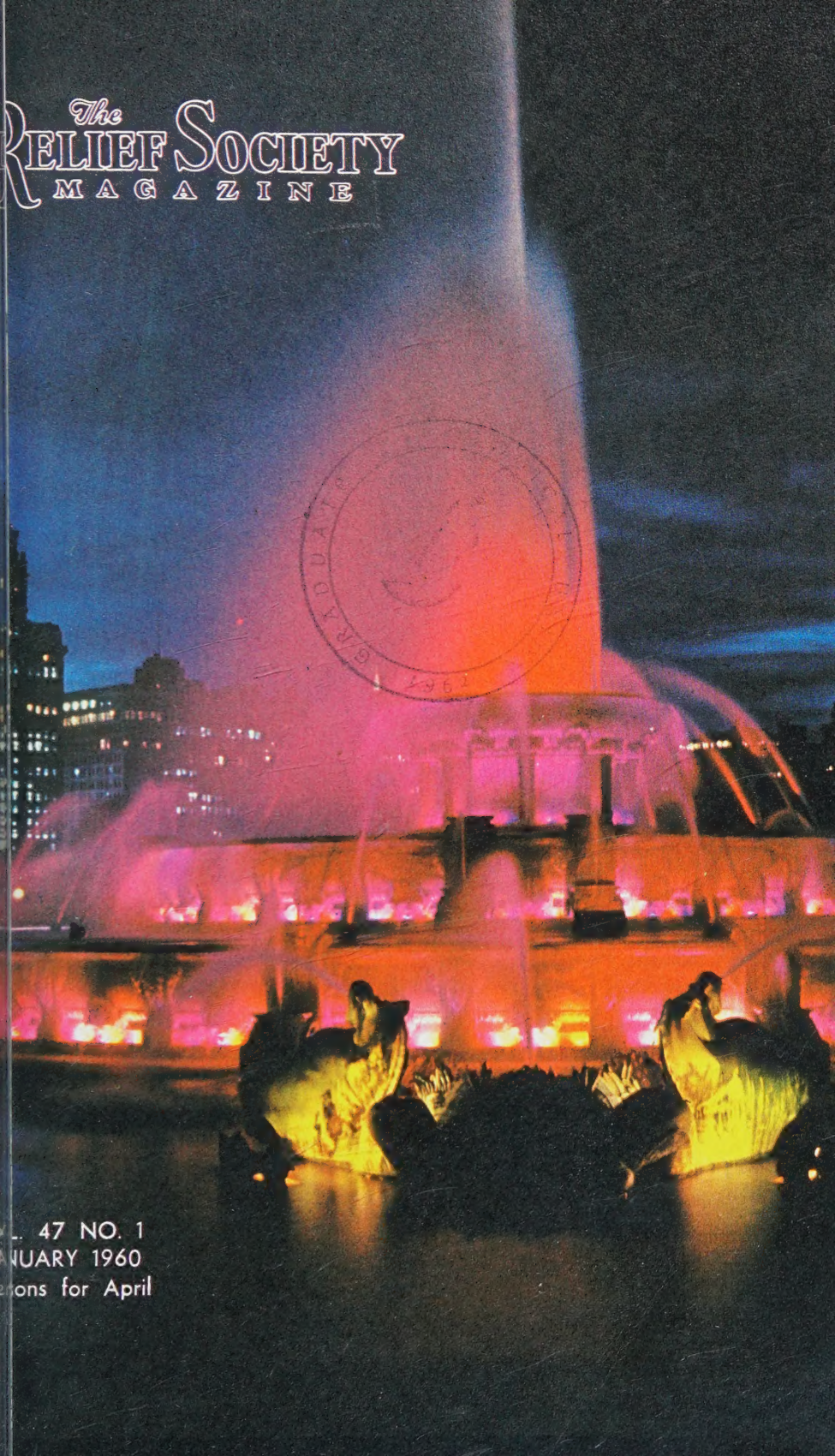

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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New Year's Greetings

THE wings of time have once again flown in a New Year. With its advent, the General Presidency extends affectionate greetings to Relief Society sisters throughout the Church. Your labors of the past year have borne good fruit. To you as individuals has come life enrichment, those whom you have helped on life's way have been blessed, and the organization of which you are a part has been strengthened by your good deeds.

Regardless of how well the past has been met, however, with the dawning of a New Year there stirs within each of us feelings of new beginnings, a desire to start afresh, hopes that tomorrow will be better than today, and a determination to shape our lives more adequately to meet life's obligations and thus realize greater happiness in living.

We are living in a great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world filled with endless resources for our well-being and happiness. Almost daily new wonders present themselves adding interest, length, and comfort to life. All about us we see evidence of the love, kindness, and benefactions of a Heavenly Father, lavish in providing for his children upon earth. Not only has he generously given to us the materials out of which we may build a good life, but he has taught us how to build. He has made clear what follows our every act. He has given us an irrevocable plan of life and salvation. Through his prophets he has made known his will for his children and has commanded us in all things. Nonetheless he has given us our free agency to make choices for ourselves. Upon these choices rests the form our lives shall take. Upon them depend our productivity, happiness, and eternal well-being.

The choices we make throughout the coming year will control in large measure the realization of today's desires, ambitions, and hopes. Today's dreams may be tomorrow's fulfillments if we choose aright, and having chosen, exercise the self-discipline and self-mastery that lead to action in accordance with our choices.

To each Relief Society sister we say, "What will be your choices this New Year? Will you choose to rid yourself of encumbering and nonessential activities which complicate your life and interfere with your joy in living? Will you choose to be more sensitive to the desires, hopes, and needs of your husband and your children? Will you choose to devote yourself more fully to the rewarding labors of your home? Will you choose to expand your friendships, and deepen those with which you are already blessed? Will you choose to reach out more frequently and more willingly to help a neighbor in distress? Will you choose to become better acquainted with what the Lord would have you do, and in appreciation for

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his goodness and the abundance of his blessings, will you choose to serve him more devotedly? Having made these choices, will you exercise the will to act in harmony with them?"

If so, the New Year will be a fruitful and a happy one for you. Peace will reign in your heart. The evil impacts of life, over which you have little or no control, life's strains and sorrows which are the common lot of man will leave you unbowed and unbroken.

The Lord has told us ". . . fear not little flock; do good; let earth and hell combine against you, for if ye are built upon my rock, they cannot prevail."

Our earnest prayer for the sisters of Relief Society is that the worthiness of their lives as wives, mothers, homemakers, Relief Society members, and Latter-day Saint women may bring to them throughout the new year an abundance of the choice blessings of our Heavenly Father.

Affectionately,

Belle S. Spafford
Marianne C. Sharp
Louise W. Madsen

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In Memoriam
President Amy Brown Lyman

President Belle S. Spafford

(This address was delivered at the funeral services for Sister Lyman held in the Twenty-Seventh Ward Meeting House, Salt Lake City, Utah, Tuesday, December 8, 1959.)

IN speaking at this service today, I feel a deep sense of responsibility to Sister Lyman whom I loved, to her family and friends, and to Relief Society, over which she presided as its eighth General President, and whose affairs she influenced as a member of the General Board for many years.

This is an important and sacred occasion. It marks the close of earth life for one of our Father's favored daughters. Sister Lyman has completed her earthly work. She has fulfilled her mission and now goes on to a new sphere of action, rich in the experiences of earth life.

Sister Lyman has lived an eventful and colorful life here upon earth. Born amid the rigors of pioneer days in the little village of Pleasant Grove, nestled at the foot of lofty Mount Timpanogos, a village which she loved, she took advantage of the opportunities life afforded and made her earth life a fruitful one. Her life has been rich in experiences, progressive in viewpoint, extensive in service, and broad in influence. She has met each day with a keen interest in its affairs, and with judgment and courage she has responded to the requirements each day has made of her.

Sister Lyman, I believe, was born generously endowed with talents and leadership capacity. These she has continuously enlarged upon. They have cast her into roles of leadership, both within and without the Church.

I believe I speak advisedly, however, when I say that among the many organizations and groups to which she gave her talents and leadership abilities, none superseded Relief Society in importance in her mind and heart. Relief Society was her great love. Just as she loved Relief Society, so she loved Relief Society women. She has said of her work in Relief Society and of the sisters, and I quote:

> I am grateful for the opportunities I have had of serving my Church . . . particularly in the Relief Society, where during most of my mature life I have worked so happily and contentedly with its thousands of members. I have visited in their homes, slept in their beds, eaten at their tables, and have thus learned of their beauty of character, their unselfishness, their understanding hearts, their faithfulness and their sacrifices. I honor beyond my power of expression this great sisterhood of service.

Sister Lyman was called to the General Board in 1909, during the presidency of Sister Bathsheba W. Smith. Prior to this time she had been a member of the society in her own ward, and, in her childhood

PRESIDENT AMY BROWN LYMAN

home, she had been taught to honor this organization as a great humanitarian society. As a member of the General Board, her special talents were soon recognized, and, in 1911, she was named Assistant General Secretary, a position she held for two years, when she was appointed General Secretary. In this responsible post she served for fifteen years, being relieved only to take over the responsible duties of First Counselor in the General Presidency. She served as a Counselor for eleven years until she was called by President Heber J. Grant, in January 1940, to become General President of Relief Society, an office she held for five years.

A total of thirty-six years she gave to the work of the Relief Society General Board — testimony enough of her love for Relief Society and her belief in its divine mission.

DURING the thirty-six years she identified herself with the General Board, she took part in many interesting developments in the work of Relief Society and played an important part in the expansion of its programs. Time permits mention of only a few of these activities. Under the presidency of President Emmeline B. Wells, she took an active part in modernizing the business affairs of the society, including those of stakes and wards. When she assumed the duties of General Secretary, Relief Society headquarters were not equipped as they are today. There were no typewriters, no filing cabinets, no adding machines or mimeograph machines. There was no typist and no bookkeeper. It was not long, however, until necessary equipment for efficient work was obtained and good business and bookkeeping procedures established.

During her time as General Secretary, uniform ward record books and visiting teacher report books were introduced. These were important, not only in standardizing the record keeping, but the work itself.

For more than thirty years she was associated with the business management of *The Relief Society Magazine*. For parts of two years she acted as *Magazine* Editor. She loved and supported the *Magazine* to the hour of her death. She frequently called me, commenting on some new feature or expressing appreciation for some article, referring to the *Magazine* "as a dearly beloved child to her." Indeed she must have loved it always, for in the days of its beginning, days of abject poverty for it, she and Sister Jeannette Hyde went from business house to business house soliciting advertising in order to finance the *Magazine*, and with the help of their children, they wrapped and mailed the publication in order that it might continue to exist.

She was active in the development of good educational programs and served as chairman in the preparation of the first *Relief Society Handbook* published in 1931.

I am sure she is happy today that the Singing Mothers are represented here. It was through her great vision and foresight and wise action that the Singing Mothers program was guided into one of ward and stake choruses, which could be combined for General Relief Society Conference, rather than having one

(*Continued on page 46*)

Obedience to the Truth

President Joseph Fielding Smith
Of the Council of the Twelve

(Address Delivered at the Officers Meeting of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 7, 1959)

SISTER Spafford and sisters, I feel it an honor to be asked to come and address this great body of sisters. As I have been sitting here, I have been thinking of the ages past and how the women, members of the Church, were invited always to take back seats and keep silent in the churches. Paul, himself, gave counsel to that effect, that the women should be silent, and if they wanted to know anything about the gospel they were to ask their husbands at home. Well, I am grateful that that day is not now. I am grateful that the Lord revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith that there is a work for the sisters in the Church to perform, and there are responsibilities which rest upon them just as well as there are responsibilities resting on the shoulders of the brethren.

Salvation is not something that is confined solely to the men, the women have to be saved also, and they are saved by the same principles and ordinances. It is just as important that a woman repent of her sins, believe the truth, accept it, and be baptized for the remission of her sins and to receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, as it is for a man. The same principles that save the men will save the women. There is one glorious thought that has been given to us through the revelations to the Prophet Joseph Smith and that is that the men cannot be saved alone, neither can the women.

In order to fulfill the purposes of our Eternal Father, there must be a union, husbands and wives receiving the blessings that are promised to those who are faithful and true that will exalt them to Godhood. A man cannot receive the fulness of the blessings of the kingdom of God alone, nor can the woman, but the two together can receive all the blessings and privileges that pertain to the fulness of the Father's kingdom. The women will become queens, priestesses, in the eternal order that the Lord has given for the fulness of his kingdom. The gospel means just as much to our sisters as it does to the brethren. They are just as much concerned in it as are the brethren. And when the Lord said to the Prophet Joseph Smith, "Search these commandments, for they are true and faithful, and the prophecies and promises which are in them shall all be fulfilled," he did not limit that commandment to the male members of the Church. This revelation from which I have quoted begins as follows:

> Hearken, O ye people of my church, saith the voice of him who dwells on high, and whose eyes are upon all men; yea, verily I say: Hearken ye people from afar; and ye that are upon the islands of the sea, listen together (D & C 1:1).

Now, *people* include both men

and women. When we say this people or that people, we don't just single out the men. It means everybody. Therefore, it is just as important that our sisters understand the Plan of Salvation as it is for the men. It is just as essential that they keep the commandments. No woman is going to be saved in the kingdom of God without baptism for the remission of sins and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. Now someone might read what's in our scriptures and conclude to the contrary.

OUR sisters are entitled just as much to the inspiration for their needs of the Holy Spirit as are the men, every bit. They are entitled to the gift of prophecy concerning matters that would be essential for them to know as it is for the men. When they pray they should pray earnestly, expecting to have an answer to their prayers. The Lord will hear them, if they are earnest, true, just as well as he will the brethren.

Now I can remember the struggle that the women of this country went through in order to get the franchise. I am sorry to say that after they got it, many of them have failed to know just how to use it. They haven't been any worse than the men, but, nevertheless, they had to struggle in order to obtain that great gift or blessing and have a voice in the Government. The women have a voice in the government of the Church. When someone is appointed to an office, we do not ask the men only to vote, but we ask the whole congregation. The women have a right to raise their hands. They have a right to speak. And it was by the inspiration of the Almighty that the Relief Society came into existence. The Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, and the Primary, give our sisters opportunity to teach, to give instruction, as well as to learn. When the Lord said that no person could be saved in ignorance, I think he meant women as well as he did men, and I think the women of the Church are under the obligation of studying the scriptures just as well as for the men.

Now, we are living in a day of turmoil, strife, and contention, I think nearly as bad as the world has ever seen. There may have been times worse, but I don't know of any other or reading of anything worse than what we are getting today — the violation of law, the selfishness of men, the greed, the ambitions, the turning away from faith in God. I think we are getting today, speaking of the world, in a very serious condition in relation to matters of that kind. Even the so-called Christian churches are moderating the doctrines, changing them. Many of them today are beginning—if they have not already reached the point—of denying the divinity of Jesus Christ. Now, I I think as far as the women are concerned, if they believe that sort of thing they learned it from the men.

The gospel is just as true today as it was in the days of the Lord, Jesus Christ, when he came to restore it. The mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith is just as necessary today as it was in the beginning. The need of mankind to know that God lives and Jesus Christ is his Son, the Redeemer of the world, the Savior of men, is just as vital today as it has ever been. It is just as true as it was when Peter,

James, and John, and Paul were teaching. The world needs repentance today just as much as it ever did.

NOW it is my opinion, and I have a very strong opinion to that effect, that this world is rapidly reaching the point when the cup of iniquity will be full, and we send our missionaries out to warn the people. Among those missionaries now, for many, many years, we have been sending our sisters. They have been doing a good work. Now the Lord says:

> Verily I say unto you, that they who go forth bearing these tidings unto the inhabitants of the earth, to them is power given to seal both on earth and in heaven, the unbelieving and rebellious; yea, verily, to seal them up unto the day when the wrath of God shall be poured out upon the wicked without measure (D & C 1:8-9).

I think that day of wickedness is rapidly drawing upon us. We need the help of our sisters, you good sisters of the Relief Society, to help us teach the principles of eternal truth just as well as we do the elders of the Church. You can teach it in your organizations. Our sisters need to be taught, many of them, just as well as do our brethren. We have sisters in the Church who are losing their faith. We have sisters who love the world more than they do the kingdom of God. There is plenty of work to do for the sisters of the Relief Society and of the Mutual Improvement Association.

We, the Latter-day Saints, should keep ourselves in order, humble, sincere, obeying the commandments of the Lord. Otherwise, those who rebel shall be removed out of their place, the Lord said it.

Today there is a condition existing in this country among our youth. When I read the papers, our own local papers here, it seems to me that those same conditions are creeping into our communities. Our young people are becoming rebellious, filled with the spirit of wickedness, and something ought to be done as far as we are concerned to see if we can't correct it. I hope that these young men who caught a young man on his way home and beat him up were not, any of them, members of the Church, sons of members of the Church. I hope that is not getting in among our people. I hope that our good sisters will join, if they have not joined, the Relief Society, instead of going out to join clubs to play cards and waste their time while their children, perhaps, roam the streets.

Our Mutual Improvement Association has a slogan which is only half of the sentence, "The glory of God is intelligence, or, in other words, light and truth." Now we have cut that off right in the middle. I have no objection to it. It is all right, but that is what the Lord said, "the glory of God is intelligence, or, in other words, light and truth." Then he said, "Light and truth forsake that evil one." Well, we want to live so that the evil power will have no influence with us, and we want to exercise our responsibilities in the Relief Society and in the other organizations to keep this commandment. "Light and truth forsake that evil one," says the Lord.

EVERY spirit of man was innocent in the beginning. God having redeemed man from the Fall,

men became again in their infant state, innocent before God. Every child born into this world is innocent. No matter what he did before he came here, he comes here innocent, as far as this life is concerned. Every spirit of man was innocent in the beginning, and God having redeemed man from the Fall, men became again in their infant state, innocent before God. We should remember that. But here's our trouble,

> . . . that wicked one cometh and taketh away light and truth, through disobedience, from the children of men, and because of the tradition of their fathers. But I have commanded you to bring up your children in light and truth (D & C 93:39-40).

That is the commandment to the members of the Church. Now our sisters of the Relief Society can help in this matter, as can the other organizations, to see that the children of the Latter-day Saints obey counsel, understand the truth, walk in its light, are taught to pray, and have a love for their fellow men.

We don't want our sisters, because of responsibilities given to them in the organizations of the Church, to have to neglect their families. We don't want any sister in the Relief Society to have to attend her meetings and at the same time leave her children to run the streets. If her Church duties require her attention, then she should see to it that some provision is made to care for her children, if she has children, that they might be protected and taught to pray and to be faithful and true, and brought up in light and truth. That is our responsibility. No, we do not want any sister to neglect her responsibility, but we do not want her to have to do it at the sacrifice of children by neglect, leaving them to find bad company or to be idle. Let us see to it that our children, if we are called into the work of the ministry in this regard, are provided for, that they have protection.

We are in a wicked world. I know there are good people in the world, yes. But the Lord says it is wicked, and if he says it is wicked, I think maybe I can, too, and I think it is getting more so every day. We have many responsibilities, but none of them to cause us to neglect our homes.

I bless you good sisters. I am grateful that you are engaged in this work. It is necessary. It is part of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and so I leave my blessing with you in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

No One Too Poor

Zara Sabin

The quick kind words our neighbor needs
Are hard sometimes to give.
We lack the practice. He succeeds
Who early learns to live
For others, vaunting not his own
Nor envying. Secure
With love, none are too rich to have known
Such joy, no one too poor.

Award Winners

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Relief Society General Board is pleased to announce the names of the three winners in the 1959 Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. This contest was announced in the May 1959 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and closed August 15, 1959.

The first prize of forty dollars is awarded to Dorothy J. Roberts, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her poem "Immigrant's Child." The second prize of thirty dollars is awarded to Lucille R. Perry, Woods Cross, Utah, for her poem "According to the Day." The third prize of twenty dollars is awarded to Eva Willes Wangsgaard, Ogden, Utah, for her poem "Loam-Stained."

This poem contest has been conducted annually by the Relief Society General Board, since 1924, in honor of Eliza R. Snow, second General President of Relief Society, a gifted poet and beloved leader.

The contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, and is designed to encourage poetry writing, and to increase appreciation for creative writing and the beauty and value of poetry.

Prize-winning poems are the property of the Relief Society General Board, and may not be used for publication by others except upon written permission of the General Board. The General Board also reserves the right to publish any of the poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rate. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

Mrs. Roberts appears for the fourth time as an award winner in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest; Mrs. Perry is a first-time winner; and 1959 marks the seventh time that Mrs. Wangsgaard has placed in the contest.

There were 173 poems submitted in this year's contest. Entries were received from twenty-eight states, with the largest number coming, in order, from Utah, California, Idaho, Arizona, and New York. Entries were received also from Washington D.C., Canada, and England.

The General Board congratulates the prize winners and expresses appreciation to all entrants for their interest in the contest. The General Board wishes, also, to thank the judges for their care and diligence in selecting the prize-winning poems. The services of the poetry committee of the General Board are very much appreciated.

The prize-winning poems, together with photographs and brief highlights on the prize-winning contestants, are herewith published in this issue of the *Magazine*.

Prize-Winning Poems

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

DOROTHY J. ROBERTS

First Prize Poem

Immigrant's Child

Dorothy J. Roberts

Between the winter and my sleep
Her hand-sewn quilt is spread.
White blocks, and crimson, form a star
That blessed my childhood bed.

She caught the "Star of Bethlehem"
In bits of calico,
Then filled it with the wool of lambs
And made old meanings grow.

The "Star" that lit the centuries
Has touched my mother's hands—
The carding combs they deftly meshed,
The wool in flaxen strands.

The "Lamb" that warmed the multitudes,
Still sheds warmth on my dream,
Bound to me by her linen thread,
A prayer, and a seam.

With little save her faith, she brought
The star to a quilting frame,
And cloth repeats, now hands are still,
Her meaning of love's name.

My fingers walk the even hills
Her measured stitches laid,
The miles, the years, her needle took—
That beds be warmly made.

When waiting slumber's sustenance,
I traced the lines she grooved,
Finding a richer vein than sleep,
Where her swift fingers moved.

And still, when sleep has failed to come,
More calm, I wait the light,
Because she placed this comforter
Between me and the night.

Dorothy Jensen Roberts, Salt Lake City, Utah, tells us that she enjoys working with words and experimenting with their lovely sounds and learning their intricate and exacting meanings: "The total power of words is not known to us, but, uttered at a crucial time, words can make or break a life. Our words are our prophets, our sorrow or our solace, and, in a measure, our immortality.

"The Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest is a challenge to express ourselves in an exciting and enjoyable tradition. I am thrilled and proud to be an award winner in this contest for the fourth time, along with other State and local contests I have won, including the *Deseret News* Christmas Poem Contest. However, some of my most satisfying writings have been to my loved family — parents (each eighty-four years old), two daughters, sons-in-law, five grandchildren, and my beloved husband L. Paul Roberts."

LUCILLE RAMPTON PERRY

Second Prize Poem

According to the Day

Lucille Rampton Perry

Morning

Looking back toward Eden, song was still;
Fruited branches brushed upon the ground,
The grass was parted on the languid hill
By windy combings, innocent of sound.
Our world is winter as we face the West,
Stiff-booted feet upon unyielding soil,
We walk into the summer's ash, divest
Of comfort, dedicated to our toil.
A handcart carries sustenance for life:
The grain, a kettle, all our woolen stuff,
A spade, a Bible, courage of a knife;
Two candlesticks for beauty are enough,
I kneel in prayer upon the frozen crust,
"*Preserve me, God, in thee I put my trust.*"

Noon

The white waste washes in against my eyes,
In wholeness, broken by a shallow grave.
My ears are burdened by the children's cries;
I cross the gentle hands that made them brave,
Place the willows, stones, a bit of loam
Upon the rose that sanctifies this tomb.
Love, yours is a cruel unfriendly home;
Hard earth is grudging of that meager room.
Tears that once could warm my face and hands
Are prisoned underneath an icy veil;
Desolate the view my heart commands,
Long, long and lonely winds the rutted trail.
"Give me new strength of soul, with force of will,
I cannot bide the good and not the ill."

Night

The skies have prophesied the builded West
In silhouetted phantoms, gray and gold,
And spilled the soothing wines the day has pressed
Into a sea of blackness, deep and cold.
Our nights can raise us high above this sphere,
And thrill our vision with a galaxy,
But stars are chill and distant. I am here
With all I need to fix my destiny.
Somewhere ahead there is a greening field,
A spring that rises from the colored stones,
A sun-warmed earth whose fertile womb will yield
To planting, where the westerly has blown.
And thou, who gave vicissitudes to men,
Shall lift me up and quicken me again.

Lucille Rampton Perry, Woods Cross, Utah, is a first-time winner in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. She tells us: "I am the wife of Curtis S. Perry, and mother to six children, two boys and four girls. My oldest son is a freshman at the University of Utah, and my youngest daughter is four years old. At present I am first counselor in the South Bountiful Second Ward Primary. I have been writing poetry for only two or three years, and this is my first real accomplishment in poetry, except for one other poem which was published in *The Relief Society Magazine* last year. My interest since childhood has been primarily in drawing and painting. Family responsibilities have forced me to set this interest aside for awhile. Poetry has given me much satisfaction. I belong to a small group who meet for an hour every other week to study and criticize each other's poetry, and this has been very helpful to me. Some day I would like to combine my interests in writing and painting and illustrate some work of my own."

EVA WILLES WANGSGAARD

Third Prize Poem

Loam-Stained

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

All day the hungry gulls
Followed my plow,
Rising to wheel and cry,
All quiet now.

Calm are these russet waves.
Breakers of gold
Wait for the way of sun
And seed in the mould.

Wide-flung on unseen masts
Luminous sails
Wait in the evening skies
Westering gales.

Crossed now by tardy wings
Limned on red light,
Pressed by twin urgencies,
Aloneness and night.

Loam-stained as mine her feet,
Our path the same.
Transformed by light she gleams
Winging through flame.

Now for a heartbeat's span,
Lifted, light-pure,
I wear her silver wings
Homebound and sure.

Eva Willes Wangsgaard, Ogden, Utah, was born in Lehi, Utah, and attended high school there, later attending the University of Utah and Utah State University. Mrs. Wangsgaard began writing after her three children were grown, and was past forty before she wrote her first poem. "Unlike most writers I have known," Mrs. Wangsgaard tells us, "I never had a craving or longing to write. The poems came with such urgency and such volume the first year that I was forced to recognize the need. After that I studied as I wrote. My poetry education was acquired chiefly by correspondence lessons and by self-study. Now I have five books of poetry: *Singing Hearts, Down This Road, After the Blossoming, Within the Root*, and *Shape of Earth*. I was included this year in *Who's Who in Poetry International*, published in London, England. I have published in many magazines and newspapers in America, in England, and in India. I have three children, all living in Cache Valley, Utah, thirteen living grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. This autumn I was notified that I had won the Aleda Hall Lyric Award sponsored by a poets' forum in Miami, Florida."

Dust of Every-Dayness

Celia Luce

WE were driving past a hillside of gray rocks, or so they seemed to us. Then the road veered closer to the hillside and moved through a cut. Here the rock had been blasted away. We found that the rock was not gray at all, but delighted us with its red and golden hues. The rock had been covered by gray dust from the hillside above, so looked gray.

I was reminded of how we put a gray veil of every-dayness over the people and things about us, seldom stopping really to look at them and enjoy their sparkle and beauty. We have become so used to them that we ignore them.

We sometimes even put a veil of gray every-dayness over our relations with God. Sometimes it takes the blasting of trouble to tear away the gray veil and wake us up to the rare beauty of the everyday joys.

Award Winners

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society General Board is pleased to announce the award winners in the Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest, which was announced in the May 1959 issue of the *Magazine*, and which closed August 15, 1959.

The first prize of seventy-five dollars is awarded to Deone R. Sutherland, Idaho Falls, Idaho, for her story "Summer's Grace." The second prize of sixty dollars is awarded to Myrtle M. Dean, Provo, Utah, for her story "Grandpa's Red Suspenders." The third prize of fifty dollars is awarded to Dorothy Clapp Robinson, Boise, Idaho, for "The Fishbite Story."

Mrs. Sutherland is a second-time winner in the Relief Society Short Story Contest; Mrs. Dean is a third-time winner; and Mrs. Robinson is a fourth-time winner.

The Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest was first conducted by the Relief Society General Board in 1941, as a feature of the Relief Society centennial observance, and was made an annual contest in 1942. The contest is open only to Latter-day Saint women who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication in a periodical of recognized merit.

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1960. Forty-nine stories were entered in the contest for 1959.

The contest was initiated to encourage Latter-day Saint women to express themselves in the field of fiction. The General Board feels that the response to this opportunity continues to increase the literary quality of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and will aid the women of the Church in the development of their gifts in creative writing. Women who are interested in entering the short story contest are reminded that for several years past, and continuing to May 1958, a helpful article on story writing has been published in the May or June issues of the *Magazine*.

Prize-winning stories are the property of the Relief Society General Board, and may not be used for publication by others except upon written permission from the General Board. The General Board also reserves the right to publish any of the stories submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rate.

A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait for two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

The General Board congratulates the prize-winning contestants, and expresses appreciation to all those who submitted stories. Sincere gratitude is extended to the judges for their discernment and skill in selecting the prize-winning stories. The General Board also acknowledges, with appreciation, the work of the short story committee in supervising the contest.

First Prize-Winning Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

First Prize Story

Summer's Grace

Deone R. Sutherland

DEONE R. SUTHERLAND

IT was one of those days when the hot noon sunlight overflowed and shimmered before our feet. Even with the hose running all day, the daisies wilted and the grass browned. The green vines reddened on the trellises before their time, and we sat in the windless air of our tired apple tree and dreamed of sudden frosts and faraway Alps where snow glimmers above cooling clouds. Almy and I lifted our noses to the air. We slid down the tree with me first to guide Almy's feet. Through the screen door we could see Mama moving back and forth in the kitchen.

Marjorie came out the back door wiping her forehead. "She's baking a cake!"

"A wiggily cake," we breathed.

But Marjorie had gone to sit in the apple cellar. It was cool there, but Almy didn't like the spiders. Besides, Marjorie had a book, and if we fooled with the cider press or made a noise, it meant trouble. We crouched in the shade of the house. A wiggily cake rose four glorious layers high with sweet cream custard nestled between the white layers. I looked on Almy tenderly. Her round brown cheeks and rosy mouth looked happy as she patted her own dirt cake together and frosted it with white dust.

"Maud!" Mama's voice brought Almy and me racing to the back porch. In the kitchen the wiggily cake rose grandly above the cake plate with the silver leaves edging the frosting. Mama was busily tearing off wax paper and adjusting toothpicks.

"Can I trust you to carry this ever so gently down to Mrs. Fanshawe's? She's sick today, and with nine children."

Reluctantly we said goodbye to the wiggily cake. Almy's lip turned out. Her dark brows drew down

threateningly, but Mama never noticed. She was busy changing into a fresh apron and tidying the soft hair that clung to her cheeks. Mama's kiss was swift and sweet on my cheek. She lifted Almy for a kiss and a hug, though Almy weighed a ton.

"Keep an eye on Almy," Mama cautioned me confidently.

I nodded reassuringly. When you were with Mama, you never minded giving away all the cakes in the world. It was only afterwards, while you were walking down the dusty road and the cake smelled and smelled in your hands that you minded. Almy begged for finger-licks at the edge. It was hard to give her some and not disturb the silver leaves.

"They'll not notice," I soothed my conscience, though Almy's hands showed traces of her own cake making.

We minded most of all going up the dusty lane with the barefoot Fanshawe kids crowding in upon us, hungry eyes fastened on the towering cake. We had hungry eyes, too, I wanted to shout to them.

Mary took the cake at the door. "Mama's sick," she said shyly.

"Yes, we know."

"We'll bring back the plate," they shouted after us. It was a refrain we'd heard too many times.

Our dog Jake came running crookedly to meet us. "Go away," I grumbled at his wild wagging. He was really one of Mr. Johnson's pups that he'd tried to drown, but Mama had caught him at it. Finally, Papa had held a private talk with Mr. Johnson. After all, Mama could take in only so many dogs and cats and all. Mr. Johnson agreed to go some place farther away to dispose of stray animals than the canal dividing our property.

"How is your wonderful Mother?" Mr. Clough's horse pranced in the road. We told him proudly how well Mother was. "She is a fine woman." Mr. Clough leaned over and looked at us sternly.

We felt a thrill of pride for Mother, and a twinge of conscience for our own shortcomings. We would never grow up to feed every gypsy who came begging, or take in every Indian who knocked at the door, as Papa says Mama does. We turned in our yard, looking furtively over the hedge at the lawn. No, Mama's dark patchwork quilt was not stretched across the grass with a rumpled tramp resting in the shade while Mama's green pitcher of ice water tipped in his hand.

WE circled the back yard. There was no wild hammering from the shed while Mama knocked something together for one of God's poor wild things to rest in while it recovered from some calamity that would have killed it for sure, if Mama hadn't stepped in.

We opened the back door, and there eating bread and milk at the table and staring wildly at us with red-rimmed eyes sat a girl we'd never seen before. She clutched a gray shawl at her throat while the perspiration ran in rivulets into her eyes.

"She doesn't speak a word of English, poor girl. Her cough is terrible, but we'll fix that. . . ."

Mama was brewing herbs on the back of the stove. "Don't stare, children; we'll have to fix the bed on the back porch." She looked pleadingly at us, for it was the only

cool place to sleep in the summer.

Marjorie helped Mama change the bed. Almy and I went back to look at the girl.

Papa stood in the doorway. "What's this, Edith? What's this?" He swung Almy to his shoulder, and I snuggled inside his arm.

"I can't get her to let go of the shawl, John. No matter what I do, she hangs on so to it. It's so hot. You do something, can you, dear?"

Papa put Almy down, and I lost my nest under his arm. He made a sweeping bow and held out his hand for the shawl. The girl's large blue eyes brightened, and she giggled, "Ja," and handed her shawl to Papa, who hung it gingerly on the hooks by the back door.

"Wonderful," Mama said delightedly, while Papa wiped the dampness from her forehead and kissed both her eyes.

"Where did she come from, Edith?" Papa washed industriously in the basin.

"I thought I heard a knock, but no one was there. I felt something was wrong. Poor thing, she was going back through the field to the railroad track. . . ." Mama lifted the yellow corn from the steaming kettle. "What if I had not found her. . . ? Not a word of English. . . ."

Papa sat down to the table, and we bowed our heads. "Where is this German girl on her way to, Edith?"

Mother unrolled a crumpled envelope and paper from her pocket and handed it to Papa. "Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hergesheimer. . . ."

Papa laid down his work carefully. "Why, they sold out and moved away more than four months ago."

Mama nodded gently. "No wonder she's terrified. We'll have to trace them somehow for her."

Papa leaned his head against his hand. "Couldn't someone else have found her, Edith?"

Mama lifted her head. "She is our neighbor, John. We must help her."

Papa groaned, "Sometimes I wish I were your neighbor!"

MAMA'S eyes widened and filled with tears which she quickly blinked away. Papa went around the table and put his arm around Mama, but she said everything was all right and began to clear the table. It wasn't until we were eating Mama's bottled peaches for dessert that I remembered the four-layer wiggily cake.

"Wie heissen Sie?" Papa interrupted my thoughts.

Anna barely had time to tell us her name before she doubled up in a spasm of coughing.

"Marjorie and I can get her to bed," Mama said quietly. "You must get Dr. Williams, John. This is no common cough."

Dr. Williams responded to calls at our house with alacrity. Mama's hospitality included his favorite — homemade ice cream. But there was no dasher for us to lick on this visit. We crowded at the door while Dr. Williams peered into Anna's throat. "The membrane is there, all right." He washed his hands carefully in the basin while Mama got Anna back to bed.

"I'll ride back into town for antitoxin for all of you." Dr. Williams pulled down his vest and struggled with his coat. He avoided Papa's eyes and turned to pick up his black bag.

"Antitoxin?" Mama said in the doorway.

"That German girl you've befriended. . . ." I'd never heard Dr. Williams speak so gruffly. Not even once when Almy swallowed a bottle of pills in his office, and he put his finger down her throat to bring them back. She'd hung on with her teeth worse than Jake with Mama's slipper. Dr. Williams cleared his throat again, "*She's got diphtheria*, Edith."

Quarantine became stifling. Mama slipped in and out of Anna's room, but that part of the house was forbidden to the rest of us. Sometimes we sneaked into the parlor and pulled back the lace curtain and examined the back of the cardboard sign that kept everyone away. It seemed even the road at the end of the lane was avoided, and after the glory palled, we spent hours pitying ourselves as outcasts. Having our shoulders stuck with needles was of little moment if you couldn't describe the ordeal to anyone.

"I want Mama," Almy began to cry on the lawn. Marjorie hushed her, and Almy rubbed her eyes and dozed off with her hand under her cheek.

"She must be hot. See how red her face is," I said to Marjorie.

Marjorie laid her hand against Almy's round forehead where her brown hair had dampened into funny points. Almy grumbled and moaned in her sleep and pulled a fat knee toward her chest. "You better get Mama, Maudie."

I jumped up the steps two at a time and ran into the kitchen. The whole house smelled like sickness. Mama was standing by the cupboard, and she looked at me with a smile. "The worst is over, Maud. Run and tell Papa. Anna just ate a whole bowl of soup."

"Mama. . . ." Her face was so tired and happy all together. "Mama, Marjorie wants you to come feel Almy. She's so hot, and all she wants to do is lie down."

I couldn't stand to look at Mama, the happiness died out so quickly. It was like flying, she went so fast to Almy. I was sent for Papa in the pasture. Papa ran all the way back with me behind. I could hear the breath in his throat like an accompaniment to the swoosh-thud of his high heavy shoes.

THREE nights in a row Dr. Williams came out in his brand new Ford car. Once I caught a glimpse of Almy held high on a pillow, her face dark from coughing. We lay under the sheets listening. Sometimes Mama lay down beside Almy, and Papa would watch. But the coughing would get bad, and then they both would get up.

"Edith, Edith," Dr. Williams would say gruffly. "You have to get some rest, or you'll die yourself."

"I won't give her up," Mama said.

Anna wore Mama's wrapper and worked in our kitchen. She made bread and fried strips of ham for breakfast. It was Anna who noticed the first flag at the end of the lane. It was a stick with a white rag tied to it. Marjorie and I brought back the basket beside it. That night we ate Mrs. Snell's best poundcake. Mama didn't want any dinner, but she took in the new rag doll to Almy. Almy smiled and went to sleep with it under her cheek. She

slept with that doll until she was better, and Papa had to burn everything.

But it was that night when Mama hadn't felt like eating that she took sick with diphtheria. Anna helped, but Papa was like a scarecrow. His beard grew until it scared Almy and made her cry. Then he scraped it off with his ears cocked always toward Mama's room.

The flag was there the next day and the next. One day we found a bundle of clean dish towels nicely embroidered, wrapped in brown paper; another, there were cookies in a shoe box and a bundle of clean rags. A little salt bag filled with dried apricots appeared, and often there were homemade loaves of bread and rolls. Once we found a new dressed chicken wrapped in many folds of newspaper. We carried it all home to Anna who accepted it and served it.

Papa took in some of the gifts to Mama. A newly made apron, a fresh blue nightgown. But Mama would turn her head away and the tears would come. "I've brought this on us all, John. . . . It's my foolish doing. . . ."

Papa would close the door, but his voice carried through the transom above. "Nonsense. You were doing your Christian duty. Edith, Edith!" She had begun to choke. "My love, Edith. Heaven help us! My Edith!" We shut our doors and cried into the pillows.

Almy was well enough to be carried to the kitchen by Anna. Her brown cheeks seemed pale, and she scolded us when we didn't get things for her promptly. "She won't be so cross when she gets her full strength back," Papa promised us, so we spoiled her and fetched her things and listened for Mama.

THE summer was almost over before they took down the sign. Dr. Williams sat by Mama on the back porch and took her pulse. Papa had missed much time in the fields, but the neighbors had hauled in the hay and harvested the wheat. "You've got to get interested in things again, Edith. Accept the miracle of Almy and you being alive, not to exclude Anna, also."

The tears began to run down Mama's cheeks. She pulled her blanket about her knees. I broke off a hollyhock by the back step and fastened the skirt on a stick doll for Almy.

"Crying's natural, Edith. You're still mighty weak. But the sooner you can accept what's in the past and begin living in the future, then the strength will come back."

Anna brought Mama her warm milk. And Mama shook her head, crying silently all the while. Anna got a spoon and fed the milk to Mama.

The wind was cold, and there was a spattering of orange leaves already on the lawn. In the dark I put my arms around Papa and held him when he came to kiss us good night. "When will things be the same as before, Papa?" I whispered to the dark.

For a long time there was no sound in the room. Then Papa stirred on the edge of the bed. "I don't know, Maudie. Your Mama did a Christian deed, to her thinking, and the punishment exceeded all that a devil might imagine. She's lost touch with the rhythm of living, and we have to give her time,

I guess. . . ." He sighed and fell silent. I fell asleep before he left the room.

Anna never did go to work for Herman Hergesheimer. "*Nein, nein,*" she said vigorously. "*Ich will bei ihr bleiben!*" She would not leave Mama. Besides, there was Ludwig, Papa's hired man who was going to buy a small farm of his own. His cap was set for Anna, and if the time ever came when Mama didn't need her, she thought she would make do with Ludwig. But until that time came, he need not bother her.

ANNA made us aprons for school. Autumn was really here, then, and but one last day remained before the long wagon rides to school began. We walked around the yard feeling lonesome. Ludwig walked up to the back lawn and stretched out. We peered into his face.

"Dosebleed. . . ." he said, wiping at his face.

We ran into the house and wet one of Mama's best dish towels. "Anna!" we shrieked. Mama lay on the couch in the kitchen that Papa had fixed for her. "Anna's gone into town for more goods for Marjorie's dress. What is it?"

We told her about Ludwig and all the blood. She wrapped her shawl around her shoulders and followed us to the lawn. Ludwig looked very bloody and pitiful. "Give me the towel, Maud." Mama put the cold towel on his forehead and sent us to chip a piece of ice from the icebox.

When we came back, Mama was scolding Ludwig. "So much blood, Ludwig. What is the cause of all this?"

"It's bleeding from the heart maybe," said Ludwig. Mama gave him a sharp glance, and sent us in for more cloths though anyone could see the nosebleed was practically over.

When we came back, Mama and Ludwig were talking about Anna. Mama kept saying, "But nobody told me a thing, not a thing." She invited Ludwig to dinner. "We'll have it late so you'll have plenty of time to go home and dress up." Ludwig smiled and smiled.

"I'll make a wiggily cake for dinner," Mama said as much to herself as to us. "You girls can do the fetching, and I'll do the stirring. That is," now she really looked at us, "if I haven't forgotten how." We smiled and smiled at her, just like Ludwig.

Deone R. Sutherland, Idaho Falls, Idaho, has had the privilege of growing up in a home where emphasis was placed upon good literature and good education. "I was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, and my parents are Linnie Fisher Robinson, a lovely poet, and George Cecil Robinson. I graduated from the University of Utah and taught English a year in high school and two years in the department of English at the University of Utah. My first story sales occurred in my early teens to the *Improvement Era*, and Professor Quivey's page in *The Salt Lake Tribune*, where I won a monthly prize. I won first prize in the Relief Society Short Story Contest in 1957. Some of my serials in the *Magazine* have included 'Dear Conquest,' 'Green Willows,' 'Heart's Bounty,' and 'Not to the Swift.' Besides Salt Lake, we have lived in Evanston, Illinois, and in San Francisco and Oakland, California, where I have been active in theater work and in Church activities. I am stake Relief Society literature class leader in the East Idaho Falls Stake at the present time. My husband is Dr. Harold Pratt Sutherland, in private practice in Idaho Falls. We have had four children, three of whom are living."

The Northern States Mission

Preston R. Nibley

Assistant Church Historian

THE Northern States Mission was organized in 1889. It contained within its boundaries the states of Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. The headquarters of the mission was established in Council Bluffs, Iowa, with John E. Booth as president. President Booth was succeeded in 1890 by Charles W. Stayner. President Stayner served until 1895, when he was succeeded by Joshua Reuben Clark (father of President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.). President Clark was succeeded in 1896 by Samuel G. Spencer. President Spencer was succeeded in December 1896 by Louis A. Kelsch. Under the direction of President Kelsch, the headquarters of the mission was moved to Chicago in January 1897.

In 1900 the Manitoba Province of Canada was added to the Northern States Mission. Prior to this time, the State of Indiana had also been added, and, in 1925, Ohio became a part of the mission territory.

President Kelsch served until 1901. Others who have succeeded him are: Walter C. Lyman, 1901-2; Asahel H. Woodruff, 1902-4; German E. Ellsworth, 1904-19; Winslow Farr Smith, 1919-23; John H. Taylor, 1923-29; Noah S. Pond, 1929-31. In 1930 there were 7,099 members in the Northern States Mission.

President Pond presided until 1931, when he was succeeded by George

From an Old Lithograph

NAUVOO THE BEAUTIFUL

From the Iowa Side of the Mississippi River

Ewing Galloway, New York

FARM SCENE IN ROLLING WISCONSIN HILLS

S. Romney. President Romney presided until December 1935, when he died suddenly of a heart attack at Rockford, Illinois, after a very successful mission. Presidents who have succeeded President Romney, until the present time are: Bryant S. Hinckley, 1935-39; Leo J. Muir, 1939-43; David I. Stoddard, 1943-46; Creed Haymond, 1946-49; Waldo M. Anderson, 1949-53; Isaac A. Smoot, 1953-57. President Smoot died in the mission home in Chicago of a heart attack, after a successful mission, on March 12, 1957. His successor was Richard C. Stratford, who presides at the present time.

Chicago Stake was formed in the Northern States Mission in November 1936; Detroit Stake was organized in November 1952.

The Great Lakes Mission was formed from the Northern States Mission in October 1949; it includes the states of Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio. On October 1, 1959, the membership of the Northern States Mission was 9,852; these members were located in fifty-nine branches.

Fifty-nine Relief Society organizations, with 1145 members, were reported in December 1958. Vera C. Stratford presides over the Northern States Mission Relief Society.

Note: The cover for this *Magazine*, Buckingham Fountain, Chicago, Illinois, is a striking night photograph by Rupert Leach, from Free Lance Photographers Guild, Inc. See also "Recipes From the Northern States Mission," by Vera C. Stratford, page 34.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the Woman's Exponent, January 1, and January 15, 1900

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

MEMORIAL SERVICES AT MOUNT VERNON: The one hundredth anniversary of the death of George Washington, which occurred December 14, 1799, was appropriately remembered . . . throughout the land. At Mount Vernon the scene was impressive. . . . President McKinley, accompanied by members of his Cabinet, attended the exercises and delivered an address. The procession that moved up the slope to the mansion consisted of the Third United States Cavalry band . . . the Grand Lodge of Virginia . . . and of the District of Columbia. . . . President McKinley reviewed the procession with uncovered head, and, as the last of it passed the mansion, the presidential party fell in line at the rear and marched to the tomb where Washington was first interred. . . . When the President finished his address twenty-one guns were fired by the United States steamship *Sylph*. While the guns from the war vessel were booming, the entire assembly sang "America."

—Editorial

MISS ANTHONY'S LETTER: In this, my eightieth year, I am filled with a great desire to urge all believers in the political enfranchisement of women to manifest that belief in some material way. Will you not, as a New Year's pledge, promise to aid the Suffrage Association in some direct manner? No woman is so situated that she cannot do something. . . . The command to labor for the elevation of human kind is not upon a chosen few only, but upon every intelligent being. . . .

—Susan B. Anthony

TWO CITIES

On the dusky edge of evening, stretched in shining peace it lies,
City built of clouds and sunshine — wonder of the Western skies. . . .

Darkness gathers, Eastward, Westward; stronger waxeth my desire,
Reaching through celestial spaces, glittering as with rain of fire.

To the city set with jasper, having twelve foundations fair,
Flashing from their jeweled splendor every color soft and rare. . . .

—Selected

A WOMAN WHO INHERITED FIVE COPPER CLAIMS: Miss Abbie Eastman, of Phoenix, Ariz., inherited five copper claims three years ago, and has been working ever since in California and Arizona to earn the money required to hold them until they could be developed and sold. She has always been obliged to earn her own bread, but with the sight of a fortune before her she worked harder than ever. She persevered, and lately sold one claim for $45,000.

—News Note

A NEW DEPARTURE: Mrs. Admiral Dewey startled Washington society by announcing that women as well as men would be welcome at her New Year's reception. This is the revival of a custom that was abolished in Cleveland's administration.

—News Note

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. OSWALD B. LORD of New York has been reappointed as an alternate representative to the United States delegation to the General Assembly of the United Nations. She is the only woman on the U. S. delegation.

JENNIFER VYVYAN, soprano, and Monica Sinclair, contralto, are English women who have achieved distinction for their singing in Handel's *Messiah*, under the direction of world-famous Sir Thomas Beecham. They are both graduates of the Royal Academy of Music, and have sung at Covent Garden, Sadler's Wells, the Royal Opera House, and in many other opera houses in the British Isles and elsewhere.

MRS. CLAIRE FEJES, of Fairbanks, Alaska, mother of two children, who assists her husband Joseph Fejes in running a hobby and art supply shop, is a well-known artist of the Northland whose paintings have won acclaim in many parts of the United States and are now on display at the Women's City Club in New York City. Her water colors, oils, and sketches portray the majestic scenery and the Eskimo tribes in the regions of Kotzebue and Point Hope.

LEONIE B. ADAMS, one of America's most honored poets, in November 1959, received the $5,000 fellowship award presented by the American Academy of Poets for "distinguished poetic achievement." Author of several books of poetry, she has also won the Bollingen Poetry Award, the Harriett Monroe Award, and the Shelley Memorial Award.

MANY American women are taking advantage of the scholarships available for study abroad. Seventy-five thousand scholarships are offered to men and women for study in eighty-five countries and territories.

NICOLE MAXWELL, a citizen of the United States, is a scientific explorer in the jungles of South America. She has made nine trips into remote regions searching for medicinal plants which may be of great value in the treatment of disease. At present she is working for the Charles Pfizer Pharmaceutical Company, Inc. Her education was received at Ohio State Medical School and Harvard University. She is the founder of the Ecuadoran Institute of Geography and Ethnography, and is a Fellow of the London Geographical Society.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 47 JANUARY 1960 NO. 1

The Days of a Woman's Life

The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter (Psalm 74:16-17).

AGAIN, with the coming of the New Year, we find ourselves contemplating and evaluating that period of time which is past, our present place in the life plan, and the days which are to come. For each day is like a jewel in its setting of eternity — and it has meaning far beyond the borders of its beginning and its end. Each day is set in its intricate design of former days and future time, and never can one day be reckoned as an island in the sea of continuity.

One of the greatest blessings of the gospel is the assurance it gives of our place in the everlasting sequence of our far-reaching privileges and responsibilities. With full hearts, we rejoice in the New Year, believing, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all the generations" (Psalm 90:1).

In this setting, we think of the days of a woman's life upon the earth — and afterwards — the roles in which she participates, her interests and her development in each succeeding phase of the periods of time which are given to her.

First, she is a daughter in her mother's home; then, if she is blessed with a companion, she becomes a wife, a daughter-in-law, a mother; finally, she will be a mother-in-law, and a grandmother. Through this cycle of days she will also be a participant in the work of the Church and in community activities. And through all of these experiences, a woman learns about life from the vantage point of each of her "seven ages." In the course of this development, she acquires a measure of wisdom, sympathy, serenity, and a realization of her destiny in the Heavenly Father's eternal plan. Each age yields to her experiences which gleam in splendor above all trials and disappointments, for it has been said of earth and earth life "The stones of it are the place of sapphires: and it hath dust of gold" (Job 28:6).

The girl in her mother's home receives training and impressions that will determine the course of her life. She will always remember the shelter of the home walls, the lighted windows, her mother's face, the tireless hands sewing a dress for a girl child, the table set for the evening meal, the prayers that united the family in love and responsibility. And though partings inevitably came and illness, and, perhaps, hard times assailed the home, still there came to the daughter a strength of courage and a feeling of lifetime security that would companion her forever.

The young wife in her new home might perhaps say to herself, this is a new unit in the kingdom of

earth, and in the kingdom of the Heavenly Father. Here are two people, strangers in many ways, coming from different homes, to merge together, each one bringing the past to build into a new unit, with the aura of youth and strength — so the young wife builds.

The wife and her mother-in-law, whatever may be the differences in personality, have much to bring them close together. They have a shared devotion to the son who is now a husband, and together they will love the grandchildren, enlarging the unit of the family with a new perspective and new companionship.

To the young wife, the coming of a child seems to be a miracle. And so it is, for the Heavenly Father has given a spirit to tabernacle upon the earth, and the child, in his innocence, seems to be remembering his former home, even as he explores the wonders of earth. The mother, then, sees places and people through young eyes, as if a new portrait were being designed upon a white canvas, all impressions webbed in wonder and beauty. The mother feels herself a part of all creation — a kinship with sunlight and flowers, and far habitations, having a wide love for children everywhere and a yearning to increase the welfare and opportunities of all children.

When a daughter or son marries, a woman again meets a stranger, certainly a stranger at first, and the circle of the family is at the same time diminished and enlarged. New adjustments come for older mothers, and there is a desire for greater understanding and for opportunities that will give wisdom and happiness in the circle of the growing family.

One woman said, as her grandchildren grew like flowers around her, "Now I am living in the perennial garden, and I have learned to receive with greater rejoicing the association with children, who are really the buds and blossoms of the world." This heightened sensitivity to companionship with young spirits seems to be one of the greatest blessings realized by grandmothers, as they see the cycle of life thus made strong and everlasting. Grandchildren bring gifts from the faraway country of childhood.

Thus are the ages of a woman combined into a cycle of increasing wisdom, expanding sympathies, and a widened appreciation of the gift of life and time — the gift of years, and always the New Year, and the eternal horizon.

—V. P. C.

Years

Roxana Farnsworth Hase

Have you grown lesser since your hair is gray
And strength somewhat diminished in your arms?
Is that fine mind I always so admired
Less keenly tuned with passing of youth's charms?
Am I to think that years have warped your vision
Because you slow a little in your stride?
Ah, no! You are the ripened fruits of wisdom,
I am the seeker, ever at your side.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Relief Society Assigned Evening Meeting of Fast Sunday in March

THE Sunday night meeting to be held on Fast Day, March 6, 1960, has again been assigned by the First Presidency for use by the Relief Society. A suggestive program for this meeting has been sent to the stakes in pamphlet form. It is suggested that ward Relief Society presidents confer with their bishops immediately to arrange for this meeting. It is suggested that the ward Relief Society chorister and organist confer with the ward president and carefully select from the ward music library the songs for this occasion which seem to be the most appropriate and the most inspirational.

Award Subscriptions Presented in April

THE award subscriptions presented to *Magazine* representatives for having obtained 75 per cent or more subscriptions to the *Magazine* in relation to their enrolled Relief Society members, are not awarded until after the stake *Magazine* representatives' annual reports have been audited. Award cards for these subscriptions for the year 1959 will be mailed to ward and stake *Magazine* representatives about April 1, 1960.

Bound Volume of 1959 Magazines

RELIEF Society officers and members who wish to have their 1959 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound may do so through The Deseret News Press, 31 Richards Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. (See advertisement on inside back cover.) The cost for binding the twelve issues in a permanent cloth binding is $2.50, leather $3.80, including the index. A limited number of the 1959 *Magazines* are available at the offices of the General Board of Relief Society, 76 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 11, Utah, for $2 for twelve issues. It is recommended that wards and stakes have one volume of the 1959 *Magazines* bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.

"Oh Say, What Is Truth?"

WHAT a wonderful world this would be if everybody believed and practiced the teachings of the Savior:

Ye shall know the truth,
and the truth shall make you free.

Lucky for you who live in a land built on a belief in truth and justice. Not all people are so fortunate.

As children we are naturally honest. And we would likely so remain but for the bad examples, group pressures, or lack of effective moral teaching in our lives.

Should untruthfulness creep into our lives it is likely to come first in faint disguise: in exaggeration; in concealment of some pertinent facts when people have a right to believe that what we say is the whole truth and nothing but the truth; in pretending that we agree with someone else's statement when he expresses an idea or an opinion which is contrary to our own; in refraining from speaking up in defense of a person or a cause when we know we ought to do so; in making promises which we do not intend to keep.

Only after we have grown callous to some of these milder forms of indirect deceit are we likely to tell deliberate falsehoods. Most people are innocent of intentional and outright deception.

Young men and young women: how valiant are you to defend the truth? Do you stand up to the careless opinions and irresponsible claims which are so often expressed when young people engage in casual talk?

How careful are you in expressing your own opinions and in sticking to facts in your own speech?

If all people were strictly truthful and honest, righteousness would soon cover the earth — and heaven would not be far beyond!

So, believe the truth, tell the truth, love the truth, live the truth.

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF

What Gifts I Bring

Ida Elaine James

I forgot that you are thirty-two,
Habit being a stubborn thing to break,
And so, as always, I bring home to you
Some trifle from the party . . . a mint, or cake.
In long-gone days if I failed to secrete
A treasure in my purse, I would not dare
To meet your eager, outstretched hand, my sweet.
Stronger than age is strong, this will to share!

Forgive old age's tender foolishness
For harboring bits I've learned along life's way,
Expectant always of your welcoming yes,
Your heart enfolding the gifts I bring today.
But now, life's gems — my best — I am not sure
How you will take; still, hearts are hard to cure.

Prevent Crippling Diseases

Basil O'Connor
President, The National Foundation

YOU and the March of Dimes — that's the combination that produced the polio vaccine. That combination — you and the new March of Dimes — can do it again. The new March of Dimes is tackling birth defects, arthritis, and polio. Medical surveys show that one out of sixteen American babies is born defective. You can do something to stop it. Arthritis is America's No. 1 crippling disease — the enemy of millions, both adults and children. Old and new epidemics of polio have left 50,000 in need of March of Dimes care.

The National Foundation, supported by the March of Dimes, leads in medical research to prevent crippling disease, in medical care to prevent disease crippling, and in professional education to train disease fighters. National Foundation scholarships train hands and minds to prevent the tragedy of crippling diseases.

An army of volunteers will conduct the new March of Dimes in January 1960. They know the anguish that birth defects bring families; they know that arthritis and the rheumatic diseases strike millions, including children. They know that in 1959 polio erupted in terrifying epidemics and that polio still cripples. They also know that a nationally co-ordinated research program, accompanied by patient aid and the training of more medical personnel, is the only hope of checking these three cripplers, the only way of bringing hope to their victims. Help prevent crippling diseases. Join the new March of Dimes.

I Could Not Cry

Gladys Hesser Burnham

I could not cry the day you left me standing
Unprepared for this, our last farewell.
The world around was bursting forth with promise
That life was sweet and spring about to swell.
My only premonition of disaster
Was weeping sky that filled the tulip's brim.
I thought at once of sweet, thirst-quenching moisture
That hastens growing buds along each limb.
My mind was on this earthly resurrection
Of flowing sap and flowering gardens gay.
I could not sense the fact that you were leaving;
Yet weeping skies are blue beyond the gray.

Recipes From the Northern States Mission

Submitted by Vera C. Stratford

Pride of Iowa Cookies

1 c. shortening
1 c. brown sugar
1 c. white sugar
2 eggs
1 tsp. vanilla
2 c. flour
½ tsp. soda
¼ tsp. salt
½ c. coconut, shredded
2 c. rolled oats
1 c. corn flakes
½ c. nut meats

Cream shortening and sugar together until light. Add eggs and beat until light and creamy. Add vanilla; sift flour, soda, and salt together and mix in. Add coconut, oats, corn flakes, and nuts. Drop on greased cookie sheet and bake at 350° until lightly browned.

Poppy-Seed Cake

¾ c. poppy seeds
¾ c. milk
1½ c. sugar
½ c. butter
2 c. flour
2 tsp. baking powder
½ c. milk
1 tsp. vanilla
3 egg whites

Soak poppy seeds in the ¾ cup milk overnight. Mix butter and sugar. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately to butter mixture with the ½ cup milk. Add vanilla and soaked poppy seeds. Fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Bake twenty-five minutes at 350°. Spread a custard filling, recipe below, between layers and ice with pink seven-minute frosting.

Custard for Poppy-Seed Cake:

½ c. sugar (brown or white)
1 c. milk
3 egg yolks
2 tbsp. flour, or more to make desired thickness
1 c. nut meats, chopped

Mix and cook in a double boiler, all ingredients, except nuts, until thick; cool, add nuts, and spread between layers of cake.

Peppered Beef

1 tbsp. fat
1 lb. roundsteak
½ tsp. salt
pepper
1 crushed garlic clove
¾ c. celery, chopped
1 bouillon cube
1 c. hot water
2 tbsp. cornstarch
4 tsp. soy sauce
1 chopped onion
4 green peppers
⅓ c. cold water

Cut meat in narrow inch-long strips and brown in fat. Add salt, pepper, garlic, onion, sliced peppers, and chopped celery. Dissolve bouillon cube in hot water and add to mixture. Cook until tender. Mix cornstarch, soy sauce, and cold water and add to meat mixture. Cook about two additional minutes. Serve with rice or boiled noodles.

Southern Illinois Baked Beans

1 lb. dried Great Northern beans
1 medium-sized onion
water, as needed
1 bottle tomato catsup
thirty slices bacon
brown sugar
salt and pepper

Boil beans in sufficient water to cover, salted to taste, until done, but not soft. In a baking dish, place a layer of beans, salted and peppered to taste, then a layer of thinly sliced onion. Sprinkle with brown sugar and dot with catsup. Cut bacon in short lengths and place on top of onions. Make second and third layers of the same. Cover with thin layer of brown sugar and remaining catsup and place long strips of bacon on top. Bake in 350° oven until bacon is browned. Cover, reduce heat to very low, and bake two and one-half additional hours. Add a little water, as needed, to make sure there is always enough moisture to bake without burning.

Sister Snelgrove's Pineapple Cheese Salad

1 pkg. lemon jello
1 pkg. lime jello
2 c. hot water
juice from one lemon
1 small can crushed pineapple
½ c. sugar
1 c. grated mild cheese
1 pt. whipping cream

Dissolve jello in hot water and add lemon juice. Cool. Combine pineapple and sugar, then bring to a boil. Add to jello mixture when cool; add cheese. When almost starting to jell, fold in whipped cream.

Wisconsin Blueberry Muffins

1⅔ c. flour
2½ tsp. baking powder
¾ tsp. salt
¼ c. sugar
¾ c. milk
1 egg
3 tbsp. fat
blueberries, as desired

Sift dry ingredients. Beat egg, add milk and fat. Add dry ingredients, stirring lightly. Fold in washed blueberries (as many as desired). Bake in greased muffin pan at 425° for 25 minutes.

Corn-Belt Cracker Jacks

1 lb. brown sugar
1 c. white syrup
¼ lb. butter
¼ tsp. salt
½ tsp. soda
8 qts. popped corn

Cook sugar and syrup until it almost burns (about 8 minutes), stirring constantly from the time it starts to boil. Melt butter and add with the salt and soda. Stir and pour over popped corn (more or less can be used depending on taste). Now pour out on table and press down with hands or form into balls.

Elder Cook's Crystal French Dressing for Fruit Salad

¼ c. sugar
1 tsp. celery seed
½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. dry mustard
¼ c. white vinegar
1 c. salad oil
2 cloves garlic, minced

Combine sugar, celery seed, salt, mustard, and vinegar. Very slowly add the oil, beating constantly. The dressing becomes very thick as the oil is added. Add minced garlic clove. Chill well before serving.

More Precious Than Riches

Betty Lou Martin

"TED, come here quick. Look at the new living-room set that the Andrews are getting." Carolyn Hayes watched curiously out the window. "Honestly, they're always getting something new. Why only last month they got a new car, and the month before that. . . ."

Ted Hayes put his arm affectionately around his wife. "Now, dear, we're not interested in what the Andrews get new. After all, they don't have any children to buy for, and we have three to take care of. They can afford things like that."

Carolyn turned dark, intent eyes upon Ted. "Really, Ted, I don't mean to be envious, but I can't help but admire the nice things that Barbara and Chris Andrews have. Why Barbara even has a dishwasher."

"But just think, Mrs. Hayes, you have three dish wipers and one potential one. What more could you ask for?" Ted teased in his good natured way.

Ted, with his clean-cut appearance, his blonde curly hair, and his appealing blue eyes, could always make Carolyn smile. He had a way about him that would make the world seem rosy and bright, even on a rainy day.

"I'd like to see the time that you or the children finish the job of wiping the dishes for me." Carolyn laughed. "At least, I know that you have good intentions."

Carolyn finally got the twins, Jimmy and Jenny, ready for school. They had just walked out the door when the baby, Cathy, started to cry. "Oh, Cathy, you're supposed to sleep right now so Mommy can get her washing done." Carolyn sighed. "I can see that this is going to be one of those days."

After several unsuccessful attempts, Carolyn finally finished the washing, then she made the beds and did the breakfast dishes. She worked through the lunch hour, and by the time the nine-year-old twins came home from school, Carolyn was exhausted. "I really should iron a few of those pieces before I start dinner, but I'm just too tired."

"Mother," Jimmy called from the living room. "Mrs. Andrews is here to see you."

Oh, no, thought Carolyn, and I look so untidy.

Barbara Andrews sat across from Carolyn and chatted to her about their new living-room set, and the trip that she and Chris planned to take to New York. Carolyn listened with excitement. If only she and Ted could take a trip like that, but they could never afford it. Besides, they wouldn't have anyone with whom to leave the children.

"Oh, Barbara, it all sounds so wonderful. Why I've never hardly been out of the State, let alone to New York," Carolyn said.

Barbara was her usual, well-groomed self. "I am excited about it, Carolyn. Of course we always take a vacation every summer. Why, it just wouldn't seem right, if we didn't."

Carolyn felt even more conspicuous in her soiled blue cotton dress, with her dark hair disheveled.

Barbara was trim and neat in a fresh cotton skirt and blouse, and her blonde hair was beautifully combed.

"Well, I really must be running. I'm meeting Chris for dinner in town tonight, and then we're going to take in a show. Do come over and see my new furniture, Carolyn."

THE thought of a show sounded relaxing to Carolyn, and when Ted came home, she suggested that they go.

"It's fine with me, honey," Ted replied. "We can all go to a drive-in."

As it turned out, Carolyn wished that they had stayed home. Cathy wouldn't go to sleep, and the twins kept bouncing around in the back seat of the car. Every few minutes they had to have some popcorn, and then some candy, and then — "a drink of water, please, Daddy."

Carolyn did take note of the beautiful moon that night, and her thoughts went back to the days when she and Ted were courting. The next thing she remembered the show was over, and Ted was taking the speaker out of the car.

"Ted, I've been to sleep; why didn't you awaken me?" Carolyn asked.

"You were sleeping so peacefully that I just didn't have the heart." Ted winked at Carolyn.

The next day started out the same way for Carolyn, and she didn't have a spare minute to visit with Barbara. Suddenly, it occurred to Carolyn that Cathy's second birthday came the end of the week. "We'll have to have a little family party," she mused. When the twins came home from school, Carolyn told them of her plans, and they eagerly helped her plan the occasion.

The night of the party finally arrived, and little Cathy was proud and happy. She laughed and talked and tried to blow out the candles on the cake which Carolyn had taken so much time decorating.

Carolyn looked around at the happy, laughing faces of her little family, and she knew that every moment of exhausting work was worth it. What would she ever do without them? They were more precious than riches. Just then a knock came to the door, and when Carolyn answered it, Barbara stood before her.

Barbara looked around at the gaily decorated table, at the cake with its two single candles and one to grow on, and at the brightly wrapped presents on the table. "Oh, I'm sorry, Carolyn, I didn't know that you were having a party. It's just that I. . . ." There were tears in her eyes as she spoke. "I get so lonesome when Chris isn't there. Oh, Carolyn, you have so very much to be thankful for."

Carolyn thought with amazement, all this time I have been admiring her beautiful things, she has been wanting what I have. She took Barbara by the arm and led her into the dining room.

"I'm so happy that you came, Barbara. You're just in time to have some cake and ice cream with us. Little Cathy will be delighted, too. She loves visitors."

As Carolyn set a place for Barbara, she turned toward Ted and gave him a radiant smile that said, "Thank you for all the happiness that we have together."

Ted, in turn, wondered what he had done to deserve such a lovely, glowing smile from his beautiful wife.

Rosella Jenkins Makes Quilts and Rugs

ROSELLA Cora Brown Jenkins, Gooding, Idaho, makes quilts, rugs, and many doilies, pot holders, dolls, and other items for home beautification and for gifts. She has given several quilts to her children and has made one for each of her seven grandchildren for their weddings. She pieced a quilt top for the Relief Society. Her beautiful and useful rugs have been items of much admiration at Relief Society bazaars. She cultivates a large vegetable garden and a lovely flower garden, and both of these provide gifts for family and friends.

Mrs. Jenkins has been a Relief Society visiting teacher for forty-six years and has also served many years as an executive officer. She is mother to four children, grandmother to nineteen, and great-grandmother to seven.

Ruth to Boaz

Katherine F. Larsen

Never for pity have I come to you,
Though pity enough were perhaps my due.
Nor for your largess do I entreat—
Only that I might lie at your feet.
Never have I stretched hands to receive
Plums, grapes, and pomegranates — only believe
I proffer to you sheer grain that I
Have garnered under the unpitying sky.

The New Day

Hazel K. Todd

Chapter 4

Synopsis: Lynn Marlow, a dress designer, who lives in Chicago and is engaged to David Talbot, returns to Springdale, her home town, to visit her Aunt Polly, and to find out if she has really forgotten her early love for Johnny Spencer. He had married a Southern girl and she had died, leaving two children. On her way to her aunt's home, Lynn meets Johnny's children, but she delays going to see Johnny.

IT was quite natural that her feet should turn to the willow path. Long ago, when the path was new, she had gone there to think. If she had done something wrong and Aunt Polly had reprimanded her, if she had quarreled with Johnny, or if anything had happened that wasn't right, she had come here in the willows and found her Balm of Gilead. Now she walked in the ferns and willow leaves until she came to the stump lying like a hound dog by the path. And she sat down on it and took off her shoes and dipped her feet into the cool water.

In the leaves near something caught her eye. It was the pocket knife, the open blade shining up at her through the leaves. Her heart began a peculiar thumping. That knife belonged to Johnny's boy. He had given it to her to make the whistle that she had never finished. She picked it up thoughtfully. Then, reaching up, she snipped off the willow branch hanging low over her head. The blade slid quite easily through the tender limb, and in a short time she was pounding the bark from her whistle.

It was funny how she could remember just the right things to do after so many years. Just how deep to make the groove, just where to cut the slit, and then the taste of the sap as she wet the bare whistle in her mouth to make the bark slide on easily. She was eager as a child as she put the whistle to her lips. It had always been fun to try a new whistle. There were so many pitches. It blew a high shrill note that made her start a little so that she looked squarely into the pair of eyes peeking furtively through the willow clump. She knew those eyes, too. She would never question them again. They were Johnny's eyes, in Johnny's son's face.

HE knew immediately that she had seen him, but he stayed defiantly in the willows. "I want my knife," he said.

Lynn had regained her composure now. "Of course you may have it," she said "but you must come and get it."

He came a few steps out of the willows, and Lynn looked behind him, expecting to see the little girl. "Where is your sister?"

"None of your business," he said, without offering to come further.

She raised her eyebrows. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you angry."

"What'd you run away for when you promised to make us a whistle?"

Oh, so that was it!

"I'm sorry," she said again. "It was very foolish of me to run away. Would you believe me if I told you I was afraid of something when I ran away?"

"There's nothing in these willows to get you," he said. He was still eyeing her up and down.

"Oh, I'm sure of that," Lynn said very seriously. "But — well, if you had something that made you very, very unhappy and you lost it, and then suddenly found it, do you think you might run away before it hurt you all over again?"

He puckered his forehead into a scowl. "You don't talk plain," he said.

She laughed then. "I suppose I don't." She looked down into her hand at the whistle. "Did you hear my whistle?"

"Sure, I heard it. I was standing right there. I watched you make it."

"Oh, did you! I thought you just came out of nowhere."

"That's silly. Nobody comes out of nowhere."

She laughed again. "I guess they don't."

He still stood in the same place.

"Would you like the whistle?"

He thought a minute. "I'll give it to Lindy," he said and came forward.

Lindy! Johnny had named his little girl Lindy! Like a fast moving drama, there rushed before her a night along the willow path, with Johnny's arms around her. She could see vividly the flower in his buttonhole. She could even smell the violets in her hair. And sharp and clear a voice tender, sweet, "All our little girls we will name Lindy."

She sat stupified while he took the whistle she held in her hand.

"I want my knife, too," he said.

"Oh, of course. Excuse me." She reached for the knife that was lying on the stump beside her. "Does Lindy like whistles?"

"Course she does."

Lynn was quite calm now. "I suppose all boys and girls like whistles."

"Lindy is asleep," Peter volunteered now, as though to make up for his rudeness awhile ago.

"Who . . . who stays with her when she's asleep?" Lynn was unconsciously twisting the leaves from a willow branch.

"Sometimes I do. Sometimes she gets up and plays by herself."

A slight frown knit her forehead. "How old is Lindy?" she asked.

"She's four, and she knows a lot," he announced nonchalantly.

Lynn looked at the boy thoughtfully. He talked like a grown-up. "How old are you, Peter?" she asked.

"Nearly six. I'll soon be as big as my dad," he said.

"Do you and Lindy live alone, with your father?"

"Course we do," Peter answered, "cause our mother died."

He looked at her then as though there was a decision forming in his mind. "You can see our house from here," he said, pointing to it across the meadow.

"Yes, I see," she said, following his finger.

"Why don't you come and see it?"

She caught her breath.

And then David's words—"Promise me you will see Johnny," he had said. Lynn sighed. If she must see Johnny, perhaps she must also see his house. The house by

the mill — wan't that part of it, too?

"I — I think I would like to."

They stood looking at each other.

"Now?" she asked.

"Sure."

IT was some far-fetched dream — walking down the path through the clover meadow with a boy whose eyes belonged to a lost love, to a house that by rights was hers, where a little girl who might have been her baby lay asleep, whose leading footsteps brought her nearer and nearer to some knot of confused circumstances she could not face; and yet could not avoid. It was all crazy — some silly hallucination from which she must presently awaken. She didn't belong here anyway. She belonged with David on a warm green hillside. Her mind rambled wildly, inventing and entangling. The breeze was soft and sweet with scented clover bloom, or lilac or pussy willow or birds' songs, or chirping crickets or — on and on it went, manufacturing incoherent phrases of nonsense, like a jumbled picture puzzle where you searched endlessly without ever finding a piece that would fit. And all the times she had cried in the night, all the walks in the willow path, all the dress designs she had fashioned, all the rides with David through the forest preserves were all mixed together.

"That's the monkey tree."

Lynn came back from her confused mental soliloquy. Peter was pointing to a gnarled old juniper tree standing like a half-naked giant with fingers and toes stretching in all directions.

"Monkey tree?" she repeated, hardly knowing what she said.

"Sure. My Dad calls it that because it would be such a good tree for monkeys. I play I'm a monkey when I climb it."

Lynn laughed then, a little. "Does Lindy climb the tree, too?" It was a silly thing to ask. But everything was unreal anyway.

"Aw, gee, no. Girls can't climb trees. Anyway, she's too little. She'd fall and break something."

"Yes, of course," Lynn agreed.

"The turkey nest is over that way on the other side of the strawberries. I'll show it to you after we see the house."

LYNN looked at the house then that sat at the top of the slope which ran down and lost itself in the millpond. It was a small white house with a sun porch and a path that curled round the hill like an invitation. There was a chimney, too, a rock chimney with stones laid just so in rows of red mortar. The roof, cool and green, spread wide eaves far enough to shade a summer afternoon to tranquility. And there was a window with a pink ruffled curtain.

Lynn had an unquenchable desire to see inside the house. She wanted to know if there was a pink cupboard with blue teacups and a planter box where you could put bright geraniums. She hurried her footsteps toward the door, and stopped as suddenly. *What will I do if Johnny is there? Even if I have promised that I must see him, would he want to see me? And anyway, this house belonged to a girl with dark hair from the South.*

The door opened slowly, and she looked down into the frightened

eyes of the little girl. The tot started as if she might run and then she caught sight of Peter behind Lynn and ran crying to him and hanging on to his shirt.

"Aw, shucks, Lindy, you don't have to be afraid. I asked her to come and see where we live."

The child turned her head sideways and peered at Lynn through tear-filled eyes, and then she hid her face in the plaid shirt.

"Look, Lindy," Peter said with big brother superiority, "she made you a whistle."

Lindy unburied her face. In a second or two she reached her chubby hand forward for the whistle, which she held silently.

"Blow it, dear," Lynn said, smiling.

Hesitantly Lindy put the whistle to her lips, but she didn't blow it. She just looked from Peter to Lynn and back again.

"Aw, why don't you blow it?" Peter said.

Then she blew, weakly at first and then loudly.

"See, I told you it'd blow," Peter said.

Lynn looked from the little girl into the room. And it was filled with Johnny from the trophy on the mantel that he had won when he was captain of the basketball team to his slippers sitting by the fireplace. There was a planter box, too. But it had no geraniums in it. That would have to be from a woman.

"I want a drink," Lindy said. "I'm thoisty."

Lynn brought herself back to the children. "I'll get you a drink."

In the kitchen she found the pink cupboard and a row of blue plates and a shelf of spices and a line of blue teacups hanging on hooks. She took one down and filled it with water from the sink.

"Here, Lindy," she said.

Lindy took the cup and drank heartily. "Fank you," she said, and Lynn tried to swallow the lump in her throat.

Impulsively she leaned down and lifted the little girl in her arms.

"You are a darling," she said.

"I am a buttonhook."

"That's what Dad calls her," Peter explained.

Lynn laughed and hugged the child. As she did so her eyes found the rocking chair by the fireplace, and a strange urge tugged at her.

This is unreal, she thought, as she sat in the chair with the child in her lap. *But everything is unreal.* She began rocking back and forth while the little girl cuddled in her arms.

The chair was turned toward the door, and she could see down the path that wound away into the junipers. And up the hill she could see Aunt Polly's. Aunt Polly was there making rhubarb pies. She looked at the child lying quietly in her arms. Then some faint sound or intuition broke the spell and she looked up.

Johnny was staring at her. *Johnny,* with his wide gray eyes, one lock of his dark hair falling over his forehead. Even in the first split second she saw him, she knew the years had hung a weariness about him. He was standing there in the door, and she thought she could never forget his face.

(To be continued)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the *Handbook of Instructions of the Relief Society*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Daisy R. Romney

WESTERN STATES MISSION, SCOTTSBLUFF (NEBRASKA) DISTRICT SPECIAL RELIEF SOCIETY WORK MEETING, July 1, 1959

District officers, seated, left to right, beginning with the third sister: Mamie Reading, social science class leader; Valoise Gundersen, First Counselor; Jean Goodell, President; Winnie Wold, Second Counselor; Jean Norton, literature class leader.

The sisters in the picture represent the following branches of the Scottsbluff District: Scottsbluff, Torrington, Lance Creek, Kimball, and Bridgeport.

Daisy R. Romney, President, Western States Mission Relief Society, reports: "With the creation of the new Cheyenne Stake on July 1, 1959, four branch Relief Societies from the Western States Mission were included in the transfer to the stake. These branches include: Scottsbluff, Nebraska, with a membership of twenty-nine; Torrington, Wyoming, twenty-five; Lance Creek, Wyoming, seven; Greeley, Colorado, twenty-nine. Due to the devoted and efficient carrying out of the Relief Society's planned program, these branches were well qualified for their admittance to the stake Relief Society."

Photograph submitted by Ida A. Gallagher

MURRAY STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, August 30, 1959

Front row, seated, left to right: Ruth Beckstead, organist; Clara Christian, chorister; Ida A. Gallagher, President, Murray Stake Relief Society.

Second from the left on the second row, Rhea B. Nelson, First Counselor.

Sister Gallagher reports: "This group has a total membership of eighty sisters. They also furnished music for the two-stake Relief Society Convention held August 12th at the Murray Stake center, and at the Visiting Teachers Convention in May; also at both sessions of stake conference in August."

Photograph submitted by Elva Ravsten

SOUTHERN STATES MISSION, MISSION-WIDE RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION, August 18-19, 1959

Left to right: Elda Stafford, First Counselor in mission Relief Society presidency, and President of the North Alabama District; Elva Ravsten, President, Southern States Mission Relief Society; Crystal Burnett; Chrissie Kirk, literature class leader; Bessie Guinn, President, South Carolina District; Roberta Washburn, visiting teacher message leader; Violet Pattley, President, Miami District; Neva Sweat, social science class

leader; Maggie Lee Smoke, theology class leader; Alice Smith, President, West Florida District; Mildred Barlow, President, Georgia-Florida District; Belva Morris, Second Counselor, Southern States Mission Relief Society.

Sister Raysten reports: "A two-day convention was held at the mission home, the first one to be held in the mission. Twelve sisters were present out of the fifteen that were scheduled to be there. A work meeting was conducted and each of the sisters took back to her district several completed articles to demonstrate to her district. President Raysten spoke to the sisters on the theme of the convention, 'The Latter-day Saint Home.' A testimony meeting followed. Lesson demonstration and helps were given by the mission board members. Displayed in the picture are a few of the articles that were made by the sisters. Between the lessons lovely smorgasbord dinners were served to all present. New goals were set and new acquaintances made; for the first time the mission presidency had met together and the district Relief Society presidents had the opportunity to meet the counselors and board members."

Photograph submitted by Wilma F. Turley

SOUTHWEST INDIAN MISSION, FORT APACHE (ARIZONA) BRANCH PARTICIPATES IN MEMORIZING THE ARTICLES OF FAITH

Left to right: May Altaha; Della Zagatah; Amelia Kane; Arlene Cook; Serena Altaha; Diane Frost; Lillian Kaytoggy; Mary Alekay; Edith Antonio; Bela Riley. Insert, Myrtle G. Blaisdell, Fort Apache Branch, Relief Society Supervisor.

Wilma F. Turley, President, Southwest Indian Mission Relief Society, reports: "We are very proud of the work our missionaries are doing with the women of the mission. The Hopi sisters are natural Relief Society sisters. The Navajo, Apache, and others are doing well. In every branch we have many faithful sisters who keep us encouraged, and we feel that our time is well spent. The sisters make quilts, bake bread, and sew articles of clothing for themselves and to sell in bazaars."

In Memoriam
Pres. Amy B. Lyman

(*Continued from page 5*)

Central Chorus. This has been a strength to Relief Society and brought happiness and development to thousands of Relief Society sisters whose sweet voices have inspired us and brought a spirit of worship into our meetings.

The division of Relief Society work with which Sister Lyman seems to be most intimately identified, however, in the minds of most people who know of her work, is the founding, in 1919, and the nurturing and development of the Relief Society Social Service and Child Welfare Department, under the presidency of Sister Emmeline B. Wells, and upon advice of President Joseph F. Smith. This department continues today an extremely important division of Relief Society work, offering to children and others standardized case work services which require license.

Sister Lyman's work in the field of social welfare has not been confined to the Church. She has extended it nationally and even internationally. She credits her first interest in social work to a summer class in sociology which she took at the University of Chicago, at which time she also did volunteer social work with the Chicago Charities, which brought her into contact with Hull House, the famous Chicago settlement house established by one of the nation's great social workers, Jane Addams. She also took a special course, in 1917, in family welfare work in Colorado, which, she maintained, further stimulated her and created in her a strong desire to participate fully in social welfare, utilizing the highest standard of practices. She maintained that this schooling in Colorado provided her with basic preparation for her later work. With due respect to this, it is my personal opinion that Sister Lyman would have been a social worker and a good one, anyway, because of her love for and understanding of people and because of her innate desire to help her fellowmen.

WE have always considered Sister Lyman as a link which bound the present to the beginnings of Relief Society. She was called to the General Board during the presidency of Bathsheba W. Smith, who was the youngest among the eighteen original members, and the fourth General President of Relief Society. Sister Lyman often recalled visits to Pleasant Grove, when she was a child, of Sister Eliza R. Snow and Sister Zina D. H. Young. She was familiar with the character and work of these two great women leaders, the second and third Presidents of Relief Society. She served under the leadership of Sister Emmeline B. Wells, Clarissa S. Williams, Louise Y. Robison, the fifth, sixth, and seventh General Presidents respectively. She herself became the eighth General President. Today, as the ninth General President, I wish to express my sincere appreciation for the opportunities and training which she gave me during the three years I acted as her Counselor in the General Presidency, and prior to that as Editor of *The Relief Society Magazine* and as

a member of the General Board. I feel greatly indebted to her for all she did for me that has been so helpful to me in the position I now hold.

This connection of Sister Lyman with all these leaders is of interest. It has made her a veritable treasure house of information. With her remarkable memory, inimitable speaking style, and her keen sense of humor, an hour with her, listening to her tell interesting, intimate, unrecorded bits in the history of Relief Society, was both informative and delightful.

Sister Lyman loved history. A good record keeper and historian herself, she taught others of us the values and delights of these activities. Relief Society has benefited from this.

As a Relief Society representative, Sister Lyman brought credit to the society through her activities in the National Council of Women of the United States. She was recording secretary, auditor, and Third Vice President of the Council, and represented the Council three times as a delegate to the International Council of Women meetings—once in Washington, D. C., once in Yugoslavia, and once in Scotland. At a recent National Council of Women biennial meeting held in New York City, a former president of the Council, Dr. Valeria H. Parker, spoke to me in high esteem of Mrs. Lyman's work in the Council and sent with me a message of love and appreciation to Sister Lyman.

Her own years of presidency were war years, characterized by disturbed times. The work had to be conducted under difficult, trying, and exceptional circumstances. The centennial observance, which fittingly came during her term of presidency, and into which she had put so much of her heart, had to be greatly curtailed. But, with characteristic courage, she met the situation. With wisdom, skill, and obedience to those presiding over her, she turned what might have been an extremely disappointing occasion to the sisters of the Church into one long to be remembered for its sweetness, simplicity, impressiveness, and enduring value.

Sister Lyman has not confined her work to Relief Society. She has been interested in public affairs and has been a civic leader of distinction among women. Among her important civic activities was membership in the Utah State House of Representatives. She served on many local and State welfare boards, notably the Utah State Training School. She was on the Governor's committee of five to select a site for this institution and served on its board for many years. She was one of nine persons appointed as a committee on the organization of the Utah State Conference of Social Work. It was my privilege to be with her at the recent annual meeting of this organization when she was honored for her great work in behalf of the organization, as well as for her contributions to social work, generally, throughout the State.

Sister Lyman traveled widely, spreading her influence wherever she went. From 1936-1938 she presided over the women's organizations of the European Mission. She referred to this work "as a joy, a satisfaction, and an inspiration throughout."

It is to be expected that a person

of Sister Lyman's abilities and scope of activities would receive special honors. Among many such honors which came to her were the Brigham Young University Distinguished Alumnus Award and the election by the Salt Lake City Council of Women to its Hall of Fame.

As I knew Sister Lyman (and I believe I knew her well) she could be described very much as she described her own mother — "forceful, dynamic, and efficient; wise, far-seeing, and of good judgment. She was a woman's woman." She was a good speaker and wrote with a gifted pen. Her messages were always well organized and presented with clarity and conviction. Her autobiography "In Retrospect" delightfully preserves her own history and gives interesting accounts of incidents related to the history of Relief Society. She was an intellectual woman — a smart woman I would say — a prodigious worker, a good teacher, a great leader, and a choice friend. And I would add that she was a very pretty woman with a rare personal charm.

In her autobiography, there is inscribed on the flyleaf her simple and sincere testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel and its meaning in her life. It reads:

> I am grateful for the Gospel and especially for my testimony of its truthfulness. This testimony has been my anchor and my stay, my satisfaction in time of joy and gladness, my comfort in time of sorrow and discouragement.

Sister Lyman's admirers are legion. In many parts of the world today women are noting her passing and mourn with us. Her friendship and life will be a cherished memory. In the book of Revelation we are told:

> . . . Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them (Revelation 14:13).

Sister Lyman's work will follow her. May her family be blessed through their beautiful memories of her abundant and useful life. May the love she has shown them and their own tender, loving ministrations to her return to bless and comfort them. I can think of no sweeter ending to this life for a mother than to leave it enfolded in the arms of her only daughter. This was Sister Lyman's privilege and Margaret's blessing. May her loved ones be sustained in their hour of sorrow and always in the knowledge that she lives eternally.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 23—A Trial of Faith

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: The Doctrine and Covenants, Sections 35, 39, and 40)

For Tuesday, April 5, 1960

Objective: To understand that only those who live the gospel will receive eternal life.

THE persons to whom the revelations comprising this lesson were addressed were formerly ministers in the "Christian" clergy. One of these we were introduced to in the last lesson.

Sidney Rigdon, Forerunner

Sidney Rigdon was at one time in the Reformed Baptist Church and later one of the leaders in the "Disciples of Christ" Church in Ohio, from which so many converts came, beginning in 1830. When Sidney Rigdon and Edward Partridge, also a former member of the latter organization and a convert to the gospel of Jesus Christ, visited the Prophet Joseph Smith in December 1830, a revelation was received in which some interesting thoughts are given concerning Brother Rigdon.

> Behold, verily, verily, I say unto my servant Sidney, I have looked upon thee and thy works. I have heard thy prayers, and prepared thee for a greater work.
>
> Thou art blessed, for thou shalt do great things. Behold thou wast sent forth, even as John, to prepare the way before me, and before Elijah which should come, and thou knewest it not.
>
> Thou didst baptize by water unto repentance, but they received not the Holy Ghost;
>
> But now I give unto thee a commandment, that thou shalt baptize by water, and they shall receive the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands, even as the apostles of old (D & C 35:3-6).

As this revelation points out, there was a considerable difference between the work performed by Sidney Rigdon as one who was not a member of the true Church of Jesus Christ and the service to which he was being called. Although he baptized with water unto repentance, that baptism was not effective for salvation; for ". . . they received not the Holy Ghost. . . ." It is neces-

sary for salvation that one receive both baptisms, water and spirit, which, in reality, are only one baptism. (See John 3:5; Eph. 4:5.)

When Nephi, by vision, learned the reasons for Jesus' being baptized and the necessity of teaching the Nephites (and us) the place of baptism in the plan of salvation, he counseled:

> Wherefore, do the things which I have told you I have seen that your Lord and your Redeemer should do; for, for this cause have they been shown unto me, that ye might know the gate by which ye should enter. *For the gate by which ye should enter is repentance and baptism by water; and then cometh a remission of your sins by fire and by the Holy Ghost.* (Italics, by author.)
>
> And then are ye in this straight and narrow path which leads to eternal life; yea, ye have entered in by the gate . . . (2 Nephi 31:17-18).

In order for one to receive the remission of sins, it is essential that he receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost as well as water baptism.

Preparation for Gospel Restoration

In view of the Lord's statement that Sidney Rigdon was as John the Baptist in preparing for a greater work, may we consider that there were many others, who, at different periods, also prepared the way for the establishment of the true gospel on the earth? As Latter-day Saints we believe that when the time came for the restoration of the gospel in its fulness, everything was in readiness. The Lord had preserved this land of America that it might be the place where his latter-day work would be established. Book of Mormon prophets had seen in vision the time when this land "choice above all other lands" was being prepared. (See 2 Nephi 1:3-9; 10:10-14, 19; Ether 13:1-6.)

In Nephi's vision, the "man among the Gentiles" believed by us to be Columbus, ". . . who was separated from the seed of my brethren by the many waters . . ." (2 Nephi 13:12), was wrought upon by the Spirit of God to perform his mission of discovery. Other Gentiles were also to come to this land out of captivity, until a mighty Nation founded upon principles of freedom would be raised up under the providence of God. (See 1 Nephi 13:13-19.)

In the meantime, other leaders were performing a work of preparation — a preparation of the minds of men whose descendants would benefit from their noble labors. The discovery of the printing press with the removal of the shackles of ignorance was a slow process, but, in time, it brought about conditions which permitted men to think for themselves.

Religiously, men benefited from these improved conditions, but the gospel of Jesus Christ was not restored until full preparation had been made. President John Taylor places before us the attitude of Latter-day Saints in some of these matters.

> Who are we? The children of our Heavenly Father. Who are the world, as we sometimes denominate those that are not of our Church? The children of our Heavenly Father. . . .
>
> Now outside the Gospel, outside of revelation, outside of any special communication from the Lord, all men, more or less, everywhere have certain claims upon their Heavenly Father, who is said to be the God and Father of the spirits of all flesh . . . and whenever and wherever there was no knowledge of life and immortality there was no Gospel. But outside of that there have been many good influences abroad in the world. Many

men in the different ages, who, in the midst of wickedness and corruption, have tried to stop the current of evil, have placed themselves in the catalogue of reformers. . . . The many reformers that existed in former ages have been men many of whom have been sincerely desirous to do the will of God, and to carry out His purposes, so far as they knew them. And then there are thousands and tens of thousands of honorable men living today in this nation, and other nations, who are honest and upright and virtuous, and who esteem correct principles and seek to be governed by them, so far as they know them. . . .

Men may be desirous to do right; they may be good, honorable and conscientious; and then when we come to the judgment pertaining to these things we are told that all men will be judged according to the deeds done in the body, and according to the light and intelligence which they possessed.

I will take, for instance, the position of the reformers, going no further back than Luther and Melancthon; and then you may come to Calvin, Knox, Whitfield, Wesley, Fletcher, and many others; men who have been desirous in their day to benefit their fellow-men; who have proclaimed against vice, and advocated the practice of virtue, uprightness and the fear of God. But we all, who have contemplated these subjects, know that those men never did restore the Gospel as it was taught by our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ; neither did they see or comprehend alike in biblical matters; they groped, as it were, in the dark with a portion of the Spirit of God. They sought to benefit their fellow-man but not having that union with God that the Gospel imparts, they were unable to arrive at just conclusions pertaining to those matters. Hence one introduced and taught one principle, and another introduced and taught another; and they were split up and divided, and the spirit of antagonism was found at times among them and with all their desires to do good, they did not, and could not restore the Gospel of the Son of God, and none among them were able to say, Thus saith the Lord. And that is the condition of the religious world to-day . . . (*Journal of Discourses* 23:369-371).

A Minister Makes a Covenant

As we now turn our attention to another clergyman, James Covill, (See D & C 39), who had served in the Baptist ministry for about forty years, we are informed by the Prophet Joseph Smith that he came to him ". . . and covenanted with the Lord that he would obey any command that the Lord would give to him through me, as His servant . . . " (*D. H. C.* 1:143).

Sons and Daughters of God

Several times in revelations we have studied, the Savior has made known the way we may become his sons and daughters. For example, Section 34 begins with "My son Orson . . ." and later, after giving the reasons for this introduction, states: ". . . Wherefore you are my son" (D & C 34:3). Why was this recent convert to the Church so addressed? Why was James Covill, a nonmember, told that Jesus Christ is the light and life of the world and that, in the meridian of time (the time of the earthly ministry of Jesus), Jesus was not received?

> But to as many as received me, gave I power to become my sons and even so will I give unto as many as will receive me, power to become my sons.
>
> And verily, verily, I say unto you, he that receiveth my gospel receiveth me; and he that receiveth not my gospel receiveth not me (D & C 39:4-5).

The answer is the same for everyone who qualifies in the same way that Brother Pratt qualified, or as you have qualified as a daughter of the Lord. All who accept "the only true and living church upon the face of the earth" become sons or daughters of the "Lord God." Jesus Christ, as your Redeemer, "so loved

the world that he gave his own life, that as many as would believe might become the sons of God" (D & C 34:3).

Christ is our Redeemer. Redemption means deliverance by means of ransom. There is a deliverance from guilt. (Eph. 1:7; Col. 1:14); from the power and dominance of sin, through the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit (1 Peter 1:18); and from death through the resurrection (Rom. 8:23). There is, finally, a deliverance from all evil (Eph. 1:14; 4:30; 1 Cor. 1:30; Titus 2:14). All this is the work of Christ, through obedience to the gospel (*Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, Revised Edition, page 177).

Jesus is our Savior when we accept him in the waters of baptism and by confirmation of the Holy Ghost. This is what James Covill is told as a nonmember. (See D & C 39:4-6.) Jesus' atonement for individual exaltation is of no force until the person completes his repentance through the ordinances of the gospel. (See D & C 29:17; 42:1.) As we become the sons and daughters of Jesus, so also, he becomes our Father. (See Lesson 20, October 1959 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* for discussion on this point.)

Rich Rewards Promised

James Covill, the clergyman, was informed that the Lord had looked upon him and his works and, at that time, his heart was right before him. (See D & C 39:7-8.) There had been times in the past, however, when the things of the world had brought sorrow into Mr. Covill's life. Notice the important fact made known in verse 6 that if this man would accept Jesus as his Savior, the Holy Ghost, which he had not received, would give him the "peaceable things of the kingdom." It would seem from the circumstances which brought this clergyman to the Prophet, that he was not at peace. There were unanswered questions and difficulties which had not been resolved in his mind.

In applying this idea to us who are members of the kingdom, how may we receive peace of mind? A function of the Holy Ghost is to give to the daughter of Jesus Christ a sense of security, peace, and joy. This satisfaction comes by having the influence of the Holy Spirit through living the laws of the gospel, just as James Covill was promised ". . . a blessing so great as you never have known" (D & C 39:10) by his adherence to the same laws.

A greater work in teaching the fulness of the gospel than the work in which he had formerly engaged was before Covill, predicated upon his obedience. His contribution would be to assist in moving the kingdom forward that, eventually, Zion might come. (See D & C 39:11-13.) How many of us have before us this objective? Do our works make such contributions?

Our forefathers were gathered from out of the world that they might eventually receive eternal life. Mr. Covill was promised that he could participate in this great undertaking of gathering Israel from the nations to ". . . be gathered unto me [Jesus] in time and in eternity" (D & C 39:22). Those who are gathered are to look forth for the signs of the Lord's coming. As we continue steadfast in his work, our knowledge and testimony of him will increase. (See D & C 39:23.)

The Rejection of a Covenant

Notwithstanding that great blessings were promised James Covill

upon his acceptance of the true gospel, he did not have sufficient faith in the Redeemer to accept his counsel. The day of his deliverance from the sorrows of the world was at hand (D & C 39:10), provided he would be obedient. But Covill returned to his former principles and people, and of him the Lord said:

> Behold, verily I say unto you, that the heart of my servant James Covill was right before me, for he covenanted with me that he would obey my word.
>
> And he received the word with gladness, but straightway Satan tempted him; and the fear of persecution and the cares of the world caused him to reject the word.
>
> Wherefore he broke my covenant, and it remaineth with me to do with him as seemeth me good. Amen (D & C 40:1-3).

James Covill was a covenant breaker. It is apparent that his former weaknesses gained ascendancy over the gladness which came into his heart, and he succumbed to fear. It was a fear of persecution and the cares of the world. Unmindful of the beatitude of promised blessings to those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake (for their reward was to be an inheritance in the kingdom of heaven), Covill's actions were not motivated to this extent. (See Mt. 5:10-12.) The fear that he might not be able to provide for himself temporally, also was a factor in his rejection of the gospel

Blessings Predicated Upon Obedience

Judgment of all such individuals is in the hands of the Lord. There have been many in the world who have come to the threshold of the kingdom of God but who have succumbed to similar fears. Concerning such an one who was in the same profession as James Covill, we have the comment of President Joseph F. Smith. An ordained minister in the "English Church" for fifty-five years wrote to his Latter-day Saint relative that:

> I preach three sermons every week and execute other ministerial duties, but I never preach anything contrary to the doctrines of "Mormonism," not designedly but necessarily, because I see the fundamentals of Holy Scripture are the same as those restored by what people call "Mormonism."

He then posed this question:

> What is to become of such as me, who believes this about you, and yet are tied and bound by circumstances such as mine?

The President of the Church wrote:

> In answer to the question, "What is to become of such as me?" let it be said that every person will receive his just reward for the good he may do and for his every act. But let it be remembered that all blessings which we shall receive, either here or hereafter, must come to us as a result of our obedience to the laws of God upon which these blessings are predicated. Our friend will not be forgotten for the kindness he has extended to the work and the servants of the Lord, but will be remembered of Him and rewarded for his faith and for every good deed and word. But there are many blessings that result from obeying the ordinances of the gospel, and acknowledging the priesthood authorized by the Father and restored to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, that cannot be obtained, until the person is willing to comply with the ordinances and keep the commandments revealed in our day for the salvation of mankind. The true searcher will see and understand this truth and act upon it, either in this world or in the world to come, and not until then, of course, may he claim all the blessings. The earlier he accepts, the earlier will he obtain the blessings, and if he neglects to accept the laws, in this world, know-

ing them to be true, it is reasonable to suppose that disadvantages will result that will cause him deep regret (*Improvement Era*, November 1912, pp. 71-72).

Unto Whom Much Is Given Much Is Required

One is reminded of the truth given by the Lord when he said that ". . . unto whom much is given much is required . . ." (D & C 82:3) and as greater light is made known and as one sins against that light, greater condemnation results. This thought is pertinent:

> Ye call upon my name for revelations, and I give them unto you; and inasmuch as ye keep not my sayings, which I give unto you, ye become transgressors; and justice and judgment are the penalty which is affixed unto my law.
>
> Therefore, what I say unto one I say unto all: Watch, for the adversary spreadeth his dominions, and darkness reigneth (D & C 82:4-5).

In accordance with this thought, how many who have entered the kingdom of God have found that they were not deeply rooted in gospel teachings and faith in the Redeemer so that they succumbed to the fears of the world? Are any of us as the seeds in the parable of the sower where the word of God has not taken sufficient root, and "the care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word," and seeds become barren? Or, on the other hand, are seeds sown on the "good ground" which beareth the fruit of the gospel in our lives? (See Mt. 13:18-23.)

How many of us may fall away from the principles of the gospel because of fear of persecution? In the early part of the dispensation persecution was many times physical. Today, however, it may be, as it was then also, the tauntings of associates or "friends." The use of names having strong unChristian implications or inferences of overzealousness may be examples of a type of persecution which has mental or psychological effect. In common expression it may be expressed as "Don't be fanatical about your religion!" or "Why be so straight-laced?" Aside from the usual meaning of inflicting loss and injury, persecution means to harass, to pursue with persistent solicitations or to annoy.

Additional Items From Section 35

Beginning with verse 7 of Section 35, we learn that by faith great things are to be manifest in the latter days, including the working of miracles. (See D & C 35:7-11.) In harmony with what has already been given in this lesson, the Lord makes known that those who do "good" in his sight, are ". . . those who are ready to receive the fulness of my gospel . . ." (D & C 35:12) and that those who constitute the ". . . poor and the meek . . ." (D & C 35:15) of the earth ". . . shall have the gospel preached unto them, and they shall be looking forth for the time of my coming, for it is nigh at hand" (D & C 35:15). (See D & C 35:12-18.) The faithful members of the kingdom of God will make contributions to the building of that kingdom and eventually "Zion shall rejoice upon the hills," probably having reference to the home of the saints in the West. (See D & C 35:19-24.) By the power of God, latter-day Israel will be saved in the Lord's kingdom, and all who belong to the

Savior should lift up their hearts and be glad. (See D & C 35:25-27.)

Questions for Discussion

1. What seems to be unusual about the revelation concerning Sidney Rigdon's activities? How does it fit into the Latter-day Saint understanding of the Lord's work in the last days?
2. Why is it necessary for one to be baptized with water and the Holy Ghost?
3. How did the work of the reformers help prepare for the restoration of the gospel?
4. From what are we delivered through our acceptance of Jesus as our Redeemer?
5. Tell the story of James Covill.
6. What comment did President Joseph F. Smith make concerning those who reject the gospel?
7. What is the application of Section 82:3 to this lesson?

Visiting Teacher Messages—

Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 23—"Govern Your House in Meekness, and Be Steadfast" (D & C 31:9)

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, April 7, 1960

Objective: The virtues of meekness and steadfastness applied in our lives and homes will result in an influence for good.

THIS message focuses attention upon two virtues which can be employed with remarkable effect in developing our own characters and in guiding and directing the activities of others. These two virtues are meekness and steadfastness.

Meekness is a quality frequently mentioned in the scriptures and described as a most desirable human trait. In fact, it is one of the few qualities which Jesus attributed unto himself. He said, ". . . for I am meek and lowly in heart . . ." (Mt. 11:29).

Meekness is sometimes confused with docility and lack of courage. Still, Moses, whom history proves to have been a man of strong character and outstanding courage, was described as ". . . very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth" (Num. 12:3). Actually the term meekness means, mild of temper, long-suffering, gentle, kind. Open-mindedness and teachableness are both facets of meekness. With these attributes it is easy to understand why the Savior declared, "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth" (Mt. 5:5).

Steadfastness denotes firmness, self - control, consistency, and staunchness. Those who are steadfast exhibit unfaltering determination in the face of adversity.

Helen Adams Keller is one of the truly great women of all time. Much of her remarkable stature was achieved through the application of the virtues of meekness and stead-

fastness both in her own development and through the efforts of her outstanding teacher.

Due to a serious illness, Miss Keller lost her senses of sight and hearing before she was two years of age. Her parents, seeking to lighten the burden of her tragedy, sought the assistance of an able teacher, Mrs. Ann Sullivan Macy. This teacher applied the true meaning of meekness and steadfastness in educating and guiding the child. Through the application of these attributes a miracle was virtually performed. In a very few years Miss Keller learned to read braille, to write, and to acquire the difficult ability to speak without hearing. By the time she reached her teens, Miss Keller was as well educated as any normal child of her age. In due time, she graduated with honors from Radcliffe College and has since devoted her life to working with the blind and deaf of the world. In order to attain the high eminence which she now enjoys, Miss Keller, together with her great teacher Mrs. Macy, has consistently employed meekness, steadfastness, optimism, and faith. Through exercising these virtues, Helen Keller has inspired, stimulated, and encouraged millions of people in all walks of life throughout the world.

If we would become a power for good and lead and direct our children and friends in a loving, helpful way, we must govern our homes and lives in meekness. We must strive to be steadfast and consistent in the application of right principles in all our activities. In our association with others, in and outside of the home, we should follow the admonition of the Savior, who said:

> No power or influence can or ought to be maintained . . . only by persuasion, by long-suffering, by gentleness and meekness, and by love unfeigned (D & C 121:41).

Work Meeting—Physical Safety Factors in the Home

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Discussion 7—Food Care and Preservation

Charlotte A. Larsen

For Tuesday, April 12, 1960

Objective: To show the importance of safe food care and proper preservation of stored food to healthful living.

Historical Consideration

FROM the very earliest of times man has been concerned with preservation of his food so that he might save the excess of the prosperous years for the famine of the lean years. He found that certain foods could be dried and saved for long periods of time. Later, he discovered that certain foods and

chemicals were helpful in the preservation of other foods, such as sugar, vinegar, and salt.

The adulteration of food dangerous to personal health caused laws to be passed which protect practically every type of foodstuff. In 1906, the United States passed the first Federal Food and Drug Control Act. In 1938 a much stronger Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act was passed. The Government maintains large laboratories where foods are tested before they are sold. The kind and amount of coloring matter, and the kind and amount of preservatives are rigidly fixed by the Food and Drug Administration. Also, the law requires that when important ingredients, such as vitamins, minerals, and butter fat from milk, are removed from foods it must be clearly stated on the package. In general, the State and Federal laws against harmful adulteration are standard, so that the general public is well protected from dishonest practices.

Preservation of Food and Proper Canning Procedures

Foods may be preserved by canning, smoking, salting, drying, freezing, cooking, sugaring, and by adding chemicals. Most of these methods of food preservation can be carried out in the home. However, preservation of food by adding chemicals can be very dangerous and harmful, and should not be attempted by the average householder. Almost all food can be preserved without danger when clean, sound, unblemished fresh produce is selected, prepared, and canned according to instructions found in an authoritative manual. Any home-canned product or any canned item purchased at a store showing any signs of gas formation, such as bulging lids and ends of cans, should be destroyed or returned to the store.

The term *food poisoning* is usually restricted to an attack of acute intestinal upset due to the bacterial infection of food or drink.

The prevention of food poisoning must be concerned with the entire handling of the food from the time it is obtained to its consumption. Only inspected meats and pasturized dairy products should be used. All meat should be thoroughly cooked before it is eaten. If food is not to be eaten immediately after cooking, it should be placed in a refrigerator or ice box. Otherwise, organisms, if present in the warm food, will have an excellent opportunity to multiply. The protection of custard and cream fillings and combination meat dishes (meat pies, etc.) requires the greatest care and vigilance. The organisms which produce toxin are present everywhere; therefore, this type of food should be kept carefully refrigerated. The consumption of any animal food in the raw condition is attended by a certain amount of risk, particularly milk, cream, and meat.

Botulism is caused by a toxin and is not an infection. The causative organism multiplies in the food before it is consumed and produces a powerful, soluble toxin which gives rise to the disease. Nearly all cases of botulism have been caused by eating food that has not been completely preserved. It is important to remember that non-acid foods are particularly dangerous. These include all vegetables (except tomatoes and rhubarb) meat, fish, poultry and animal products. In most cases where the foods have particu-

larly and noticeably spoiled, the cans are bulged, and there are numerous gas bubbles, and the food smells rancid. Never, under any circumstances should one eat any canned food which has any of these symptoms. No reported cases of botulism have occurred in commercially canned food since 1925. However, cases are reported from food that has been processed in the home. Therefore, extreme care must be taken in the process of home canning. Destroy any food taken from a jar with a bulging or corroded lid.

General Consideration

If any sickness or upset stomach occurs when contaminated food is suspected, a doctor should be consulted immediately, and the suspected food should not be destroyed until the doctor sees it. He may want a sample of it for a culture.

Questions

1. Why does pork need particular attention in the cooking?
2. What are some of the signs of improperly processed foods?

Literature—America's Literature—A New Nation Speaks

Lesson 15—The Federalists (and the Great Transition)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *America's Literature*, by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York, pp. 24-32)

For Tuesday, April 19, 1960

Objective: To make preliminary acquaintance with the Federalistic concepts of man and government as written by Timothy Dwight and Alexander Hamilton.

WHEN the shooting of the American Revolution ended in 1781, the war of words which, in the decades preceding the Revolution, had crescendoed into battle, now continued unabated, and grew even louder and hotter. During the latter part of the eighteenth century the pamphleteer and the orator largely shaped the thinking of the colonies, and out of these fierce controversies came new patterns of thought and government. Before the war the issue was between Tory and Rebel. Thomas Paine, Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, James Otis, John Dickinson, and many less prominent writers defended the right of the colonies to separate, while such Tories as Samuel Seabury courageously answered them blow for blow, and the Anglican minister Jonathan Boucher preached loyalty to England and fear of mob-rule with such sincerity that he began his weekly sermon only after first laying a loaded horse pistol on either side of his pulpit.

We must remember that well over a third of the colonists remained loyal to England during the war, a majority outwardly sympathizing

with the rebels while secretly hoping for a British victory. During the early years of the Rebellion, tens of thousands of them fled to Canada, the West Indies, and Mother England.

Need for More Perfect Union

The Articles of Confederation, drafted by the Continental Congress in 1776, at the outset of the war, had bound all colonies together, yet robbed no colony of its sovereign powers. Once winning the war no longer consumed their energies, it became increasingly evident that a new form of government would have to be worked out.

In general, the new Nation's only identity lay in its being separate from Britain. Until well into the nineteenth century, the great issues to be faced and solved centered about the government's responsibilities to its people: Should the government favor rural agriculture or urban commerce and finance? Should property rule, or should the mass of people? Which government was to dominate, state or Federal? How far should revolution go, not only in government but in social patterns, in arts, culture, and in morals? With a pattern of successful revolution behind them, how was the momentum of revolution to be stopped? Having repudiated Mother England, should she now be followed in anything? If so, in what, and how far? Politically, the wobbling country achieved identity by forming one of our two greatest documents: The Constitution. But even after the necessary nine states ratified it very reluctantly within the two years following 1787, it still had to be interpreted, a process which continues.

But even while these central political and economic issues were paramount, a creative unity-out-of-diversity process molded the Constitution into the enduring standard of measurement and justice which continues to radiate throughout every phase of the national character.

By contrast, the beginnings in the arts during the same period, before 1800, were so imitative and weak as to be of little consequence; however, the fact that beginings were made is significant. Music and drama continued to follow English patterns, although Royal Tyler's *The Contrast*, which appeared in 1787 as a direct imitation of Sheridan's *The School for Scandal*, contained native American characters and setting which still make it readable. Tyler soon became a lawyer, leaving leadership to William Dunlap, the father of drama in America, who devoted his life to the stage by translating, producing, and writing such dramas as his *Andre* (1798), based on a Revolutionary War theme.

The novels followed directly Samuel Richardson's pattern of sentiment and seduction as established in his highly successful *Pamela*, all heavily moralizing. *The Power of Sympathy*, written in 1789, is accepted as the first American novel, although Susanna Haswell Rowson's *Charlotte Temple* (1791) with its setting both in England and America, was far more popular, being reprinted as late as 1930. Likewise, the poetry of the Connecticut or Hartford Wits, centering about Yale College, was unashamedly imitative of English models, both during and after the war. But, roughly, until 1800, the Americans were compara-

tively happy with their imitations; it was the endless tauntings of sophisticated English critics reminding them that they had produced nothing of their own which rubbed salt into this opening cultural and social wound.

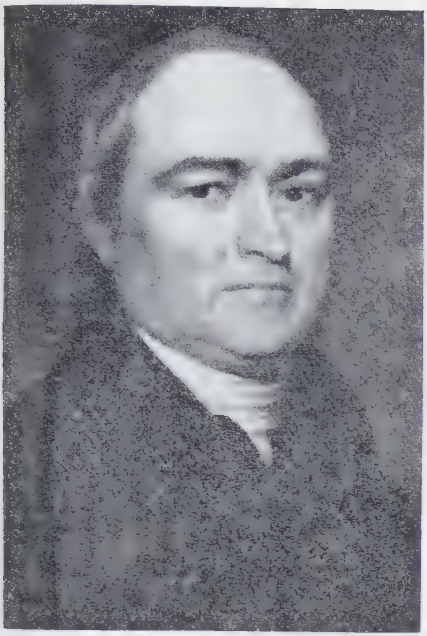
Federalists Versus Republicans

Although the Federalist and Republican political parties were formed in the decades following the Revolutionary War, their opposing philosophies had existed at least a hundred years previous, and with some modification their same beliefs and alignment of forces have continued to the present. Within Washington's first cabinet were the leaders of the two factions, young Alexander Hamilton, who was to lead the Federalists, and Thomas Jefferson, the Republicans (today's Democrats). Short of openly opposing each other publicly, they did all they could to halt each other's influence, since each feared the other's policies.

In 1791 Jefferson and James Madison, representatives of the Virginia planters and their agrarian aristocracy, allied themselves with Irishman George Clinton's Tammany faction of New York to oppose the wealthy shipping and financial aristocracy of New York City and Boston, who became the Federalists. Conversely, it was Hamilton's big-city lawyers and moneyed men who had advocated adoption of the Constitution in 1787, and the coon-skin-cap frontiersmen and farmers who feared it, and ratified it so reluctantly.

The French Revolution of 1789 was a burning issue throughout the colonies, and created a widening social and economic gap between the two parties. Seeing the Frenc peasants executing their wealth land-holding aristocrats and seizin their property, the Federalists wer aghast, and more than all else feare a similar unleashing of rabble d mocracy in their own streets. In th elections of 1800, they attempte to defeat Jefferson by relating hi to Tom Paine and the local Frenc disciples of "Liberty, Equality, Fra ternity." As we have seen, the succeeded in making Tom Pain into a boogeyman, but the back woods vote elected Jefferson neve theless. While Hamilton and h followers were openly pro-British Jefferson and his followers defie them by wearing the red Frenc cockades in their hats, and rejoicin at every victory of the "rabble" i France, believing as did Paine, tha they were carrying on the secon chapter in the world revolutio which their own revolution ha begun.

While President George Wash ington was so disturbed at the in creasing enmity between these tw factions that at the end of his firs term he wished to resign, it shoul be pointed out that the strength o the Constitution, as of the Natio ever since, has lain in these factions opposing and, therefore, balancin each other. The French people d stroyed the opposition against who they revolted; Napoleon followed In contrast, the United States pe mitted both to speak and gro strong; and the great system is th result. But to understand thes general principles in terms of peo ple, we should see them at work i two prominent Federalists: Timo thy Dwight and Alexander Hami ton, and, in the next lesson, i Thomas Jefferson.



Courtesy Yale University Art Gallery

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

From a Painting by John Trumbull

Timothy Dwight (1752-1817)

A grandson of Jonathan Edwards, Timothy Dwight entered Yale at age thirteen, became a tutor there, and he inspired the troops with his sermons and war songs, the most notable being "Columbia." He was a chaplain during the Revolution, and in 1783, at age thirty-one, he moved to Greenfield, Connecticut, where for twelve years he was minister, community leader, and director of the co-educational school he established. For the last twenty-three years of his life he was president of Yale, where he was a great teacher and leader of Calvinism, defending the faith against all attackers.

A lifelong Federalist, he attempted to introduce English literature into the curriculum of Yale while still a student, thus furnishing the initiative for the literary group known as the Connecticut Wits. Of the three most prominent members, John Trumbull and Dwight remained Federalists, while Joel Barlow followed Paine and Jefferson in his personal philosophy. Dwight's *Conquest of Canaan*, an epic in eleven volumes, written in 1785, when he was thirty-three, was heavily imitative of English models. Designed to be the first American epic, it was so filled with pretentious language and elaborate descriptions of thunderstorms that his companion wit, John Trumbull, suggested it should be equipped with lightning rods. A careful observer of the rural countryside, Dwight's *Travels in New-England and New York* provides a keen commentary on the social and economic contemporary scene, and has greater enduring value than his verse.

His *Greenfield Hill* was a long poem modeled after Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." In addition to describing the lovely scenery and rural virtues, which Dwight greatly loved, it eulogizes the virtues of his Federalistic-Calvinistic culture: simplicity and plainness in manners and morals, thrift and industry, and belief in the sustaining power of property personally owned and cared for. In this "western village" where:

> Prudence eyes her hoard with watchful care
> And robes of thrift and neatness, all things wear. . . .

the evils of European monarchy are absent: the poor are fed, villages are not sold to buy royal gowns, and:

> No griping landlord here alarms the door

To halve, for rent, the poor man's little store.

The hymn of praise which Timothy Dwight fashions for his home town strongly predicts Whittier's *Snowbound* in his confidence in the enduring rural virtues:

Sweet-smiling village! loveliest of the hills!
How green thy groves! How pure thy glassy rills!
With what new joy, I walk thy verdant streets!
How often pause, to breathe thy gale of sweets;
To mark thy well-built walls! thy budding fields
And every charm, that rural nature yields;
And every joy to Competence allied,
And every good, that Virtue gains from Pride!

Several New England clergymen had previously defined the confiscation of church and lands by the French as the cause of the present "triumph of infidelity" in their own midst. Timothy Dwight wrote "The Duty of Americans, at the Present Crisis," to warn against the evil French influences then threatening the new Nation, and urged Americans to defend church and country. In his fiery charges of anarchy, lawlessness, immorality, and atheism against the very group which Jefferson and his mass followers openly supported, Dwight exemplifies those conservative aristocrats who, consciously or otherwise, feared a potential uprising and usurpation of control by the poor and the uneducated. In his love for things as they were — love of God, country, education, and morality as defined and defended by patriots, gentlemen, and Christians, he gave much support to the Federalist political cause, clergyman though he was. But to understand more forcefully who the Federalists were and what they were trying to do, we must meet their central personality—the brilliant realist who was their unquestioned torchbearer: Alexander Hamilton. American nationalism owes more to Hamilton than any other men except Washington and Marshall.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

From a Contemporary Etching

Alexander Hamilton's Life (1757-1804)

Hamilton was the son of a wealthy planter in the West Indies. He early showed the brilliance and ambition which predicted his mature prominence. Business misfortunes caused his father's bankruptcy, and his mother died in 1768. Knowing that he must make his own way, and desiring to excel, he entered King's College (now Columbia) in 1774, and a year later he wrote two influential pamphlets on colonial politics which made him

known among New York's political leaders.

In 1776, when the war broke out, he organized an artillery company and was awarded its captaincy, but within the year was appointed to Washington's staff, where he played a key role. Later, he secured a field command and won distinction at Yorktown. In 1780 he married the daughter of General Philip Schuyler of the distinguished New York family by whom he had seven children.

After the war he was admitted to the bar, and when but twenty-five was chosen a delegate to Congress. At twenty-nine he was appointed a delegate to the Annapolis Convention and later to the Federal Convention at Philadelphia which had been charged with the responsibility of revising the Articles of Confederation. In the same year he began publishing a series of essays in New York papers which were designed to motivate the wealthy and professional classes to support the new Constitution. Although James Madison and John Jay also contributed, it was Hamilton who conceived the series of essays known as *The Federalist*, and much more than half its contents were Hamilton's. These essays are acknowledged to be the clearest, strongest exposition of the theory of American Constitutional law.

In 1798, the year the Constitution was finally ratified, Hamilton was appointed Secretary of the Treasury, a position he held until his resignation six years later. It was during this period that he established the national bank, and many money policies which characterize the national economy to the present day. In 1800 he watched in bitterness while his opponent, Thomas Jefferson, was elected President. Four years later he was killed in a duel with Aaron Burr.

Hamilton's Federalism

Because one may see his picture ovaled on a ten-dollar bill, it becomes easy to think of Alexander Hamilton predominantly as an economist or a financier. Although he had an evident genius for administration, and his monetary principles proved themselves so sound that his successors who had most criticized them adopted them with scarcely any changes, Hamilton's great lifelong goal was to build the struggling Nation into a permanent oneness so strong and balanced that it would never break apart.

Just as Thomas Paine appeared at precisely the right moment to persuade the colonists that their destiny was separation rather than rebellion, so it was Hamilton's fondest dream to create a strong nationalism or federation of the many states into one at the time when nationalism meant nothing. Everything he did furthered this end. He favored capitalism and the establishment of a national bank because it would unite the colonies together more firmly. For the same reason, he opposed Jefferson's agricultural principles: they gave too much self-determination over too scattered an area, thus weakening the central governing power. He strongly advocated government supports and subsidies to American manufacturers for the same reason: such a policy would enhance the Nation's united versatility, and not make it solely dependent on agriculture.

The Federalist

Hamilton was too much a man of affairs ever to consider himself a literary person. He took pride in writing but little for the public press, feeling it beneath him, yet like Franklin and Jefferson, he made his way in life largely through his use of words. His style is not affected or individualistic, but as one might expect from a lawyer, it is clear, condensed, carefully organized, and entirely confident of every assertion. From these qualities come *The Federalist*'s literary excellence. Too sincere ever to deal with trivial or anything less than the whole truth of what the guiding principles of the new Nation must be, if it was to survive, these papers contain the brilliant, creative thinking in the realm of Constitutional law which places them in the first rank of such writings, along with those of Aristotle and Montesquieu. No commentary on this basic document has deserved or received more honor, nor through constant reference has proved itself more indispensable than these writings.

Hamilton's fervent belief that government should reflect the wishes of aristocratic owners of property saved the Nation from the excesses of liberalism which characterized the repercussions following the Revolution in France. He believed that property was tangible reward to those of superior talent, and that "the power which holds the purse-strings absolutely, must rule." And while in the first of *The Federalist* papers he admits that the established class of aristocrats will do everything possible to prevent a decrease in their established power and wealth, one cannot know whether their motives are blameless or selfish, for as Hamilton reminds us:

> . . . we are not always sure that those who advocate the truth are influenced by purer principles than their antagonists. Ambition, avarice, personal animosity, party opposition, and many other motives not more laudable than these, are apt to operate as well upon those who support as those who oppose the right side of a question. . . .

Nor can we cure heresy by persecution, nor gain followers by fire or sword, or by angry words. Wisely he points out how often those who ostensibly work for common folk often are driven inwardly by jealousy or selfishness:

> . . . an enlightened zeal for the energy and efficiency of government will be stigmatized as the offspring of a temper fond of despotic power and hostile to the principles of liberty. An over-scrupulous jealousy of danger to the rights of the people, which is more commonly the fault of the head than of the heart, will be represented as mere pretence and artifice, the stale bait for popularity at the expense of the public good. It will be forgotten, on the one hand, that jealousy is the usual concomitant of love, and that the noble enthusiasm of liberty is apt to be infected with a spirit of narrow and illiberal distrust. On the other hand, it will be equally forgotten that the vigor of government is essential to the security of liberty; that, in the contemplation of a sound and well-informed judgment, their interest can never be separated; and that a dangerous ambition more often lurks behind the specious mask of zeal for rights of the people than under the forbidding appearance of zeal for the firmness and efficiency of government. History will teach us that the former has been found a much more certain road to the introduction of despotism than the latter, and that of those men who have overturned the liberties of republics, the greatest number have begun their career by paying an obsequious court to the people; commencing demagogues, and ending tyrants.

The above quotation represents Hamilton fairly, both in the power of his style and for his ideas contained therein. By looking realistically at man, by finding good in him despite his weaknesses, by acknowledging the Constitution to be a compromise, but a compromise heading in the right direction; by clarifying how checks and balances under the Constitution counter and thus strengthen each other; and by convincing the aristocratic classes that the Constitution safeguarded them from excesses and encroachments, Alexander Hamilton made his unique contribution both to America's literature and to his great legal structure in whose superstructure the peace and future of the Nation has always rested. And if one can achieve the ideal of the Constitutional Convention, which pledged itself to deal in principles, not in men, then he and the Federalist faction, which for so long he spearheaded, deserve man's gratitude for their firm stand on principle as they believed it—principle which has been woven into the heart of the American structure.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. During the last decade of the eighteenth century, why was the French Revolution so vital an issue?
2. In what way did Timothy Dwight give added power to the Federalist cause?
3. How could anyone who distrusted the judgment of the common people ever make a contribution of any value to American institutions of Government?
4. In *The Federalist* Hamilton was trying to convince whom of what?

Social Science—Spiritual Living in the Nuclear Age

Lesson 6—Creative and Spiritual Living — Pathways to Peace — Part 1

Elder Blaine M. Porter

For Tuesday, April 26, 1960

Objective: To explore the ways in which creative living can add to the abundance and richness of life.

Frontiers of the Modern World

The Geographical Frontier. Recorded history reveals that certain segments of mankind in all ages, past and present, have lived on various kinds of frontiers. In early modern history and among more primitive groups, there were those who were courageous and adventurous and sought to explore beyond the confines of their own tribal area or community. From this early beginning we have had a long succession of explorers, such as Marco Polo, Lief Ericson, Christopher Columbus, Magellan, Lewis and Clark, Admiral Richard E. Byrd, and many others who all went beyond the confines or borders of their towns, communities, or na-

tions, in an effort to provide more information about the geographical make-up and nature of the world in which they lived. Today we are living in an era in which man, still adventurous, is seeking more understanding about the physical world in which he lives, as well as desiring to explore the space beyond.

When some of the earlier explorers returned home bearing the fruits of amazing discoveries, men had to accommodate themselves to a new world. However, accommodating oneself to a new world comes hard for some people, for the old and familiar ways tend to become secure and beloved. When Columbus came home there were those whose immediate impulse was to cast him into chains, but, in spite of the resistance and unwillingness of some of his contemporaries to accept his discoveries, the march of progress was on; the world changed and men had to adjust to it.

Today we have become more accustomed to explorations of the physical world and take for granted that many almost unbelievable discoveries regarding space will occur in our generation. The march of progress continues, and we must learn to accommodate ourselves to the changes in our lives which will inevitably result from these discoveries.

Social and Political Frontiers. There have been those among us through history who have lived on the frontiers of social and political advancement. Besides the despots and tyrants who have subjugated people and ruled in order to achieve their own selfish whims, we have had many courageous and outstanding statesmen who have made immeasurable contributions to mankind. Through their efforts to find a more effective way of creating an environment for man in which he might find opportunity for self-expression and obtain security for himself and his family, he has been freed from many of the fears and struggles for survival. Achievements in this direction have enabled us to visualize the day when the table will be set for all who want to eat; a day when the human race will form a unified community and no longer live as separate entities.

But advances do not come easily. There are always resisters to change, with their immature minds and feelings of fear and insecurity. Some stood on the rim of a crowd around Socrates, took note of what sounded like subversive utterances, and reported them to the authorities. And this same type of individual continues to function in this resistive capacity today.

The Scientific Frontier. Looking at the explorations on the frontier of knowledge and science, we can see Galileo, after dropping his two unequal weights from the Leaning Tower of Pisa (when, contrary to the official views, each reached the ground at the identical moment) being accused of being in league with the devil and threatened with death if he did not deny the truth which he had discovered. We can see the advances of medical science throttled for many centuries after the discoveries of Hippocrates, because the human body was considered too sacred to be studied in a scientific manner.

But man's thirst for knowledge and his desire to find a way to "subdue the earth" has led him to great

accomplishments. His imagination has made him remarkable among created things, and that imagination has carried him far beyond the reach of his working hands.

The Spiritual Frontier. A historical look at the spiritual frontier reveals that many great spiritual leaders were rejected in their day. Yet what a debt the world owes to such individuals as Buddha, Confucious, Gandhi, and others. Those living on the spiritual frontier have probably been among the more diligent in seeking to commune with God. And God, through his Son, Jesus Christ, and through his love, kindness, and generosity, has revealed to us many of his goals for man and has, through his prophets, tried to provide a way in which we could live creatively, abundantly, peacefully, with one another.

As we stand back and take a look at the world of today and marvel at the great achievements in many fields, man can view his accomplishments and truly say, *it is good.* But, looking at himself, what can he say? Has he come closer to the realization of another dream of mankind, that of the *perfection of man?* Of man loving his neighbors, doing justice, speaking the truth, and realizing that which he potentially is, a son of God?

Raising the question is embarrassing since the answer is so painfully clear. While we have created wonderful things, we have failed to make of ourselves beings for whom these great accomplishments would seem worthwhile. If we look at the world today, we realize that ours is not a life of brotherhood, happiness, contentment, but, rather, one of spiritual chaos and bewilderment. We are prone to ignore the shadows of uneasiness, anxiety, and confusion which seldom, if ever, leave men.

Charting a True Course

In this unsettled sea of human perplexities, yearnings, and disappointments, it may pay high dividends for us to pause and eliminate from our minds our immediate demands and schemes for livelihood and personal pleasure, in order that we may chart a course which will lead us to a port wherein we will likely find the goals and values providing eternal satisfaction and happiness. As part of the process of charting this course, it is suggested that we follow the admonition of Socrates when he said, "Know thyself," and the admonition of President McKay when he suggested that we ". . . talk with self in a serious sort of way." Self-understanding is a prerequisite to good mental health and understanding of other people. This is important because we are required to relate ourselves to other people and to the conditions of the world in which we live. We then must have an understanding of how these forces affect us and our relationships with others.

And as we come to know ourselves and others, we free ourselves to experience more of the potential within us, to achieve creative, harmonious relationships with other people. As we are able to listen, to grasp what other persons are saying, we remove many of the major hostilities of life; we raise the psychological "iron curtain" which may have been lowered between us, and find that many misunderstandings of life have disappeared. Thus freed form mis-

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( ) Lord, Hear Our Prayer—Verdi ..... .20
( ) Lord's Prayer—Gates ..... .20
( ) Music—Marsden .... .20
( ) My Redeemer Lives —Gates .... .20
( ) O Lovely Land, America—Madsen .. .20
( ) Open Our Eyes—Macfarlane ..... .25
( ) Send Forth Thy Spirit—Schuetky ..... .20

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understandings, fears, prejudices, and hostilities which frequently shackle us, we are ready to move along our course which we are charting, which now opens up for us new horizons for creative living.

Expressing the Creative Powers Within Us

Christ said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly" (John 10:10). President McKay, in discussing the life of the intellect and of the spirit, stated that the intellectual pursuits help men:

> . . . to live completely and abundantly; and in the living to serve—serve their fellow men! He lives most who sees or hears,
>
> ". . . tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones and good in everything."
>
> Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, Act II, Sc. 1, l. 16-17

He lives most who sees beyond these trees, these stones, and these running brooks, and sees God and goodness in it all, who sees an overruling Providence in all this world and recognizes God's children as brothers and sisters, in every one of whom there is something good, ever striving to lift the man up out of the sensual world into the realm of true religion (McKay, David O., *Gospel Ideals*, page 148).

Creative living is living freely in a world in which one is at peace with oneself. Expressions of creativity are not limited to producing a masterpiece of art or literature or music; neither are they limited to the creative expression in dance or other physical activity. Any one of us can have the door of creativity opened up for us, if we put forth the effort. It may be a new idea, a new thought, a new way of doing

a somewhat menial task, a particular way in which we teach a class, give a two-and-one-half minute talk, or entertain our friends in our home. It may be the unique way in which we help a child discover something new or solve a problem; it may be an everyday occurrence in which we bring joy and happiness to others through our particular way of interacting with them.

Harry Overstreet suggests that much creativity is experienced through the channel of religion:

> In its very essence religion is "a dedication of the entire self to the pursuit of ideal values." In this sense religion is the most persistently and widely creative of all the enterprises of life. It is life forever looking beyond values already achieved and forever enlisting itself in behalf of values still to be achieved (Overstreet, Harry A.: *The Great Enterprise*, page 198, W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., used by permission).

The religion of Christianity, in general, and of the Latter-day Saints, in particular, encourages the individual to live beyond mediocrity and dullness, as man on his way to perfection seeks to qualify himself for Godhood.

Appraising Our Values

Some individuals have found themselves in positions of leadership or unique situations which encouraged or forced them to see the world and its problems from a broad point of view; to look at the "whole picture." Perhaps the rest of us could benefit from the experience of such individuals. Henry Cabot Lodge said:

> If there is one thing which I have learned as a result of four years at the United Nations it is that the sense of justice is very much the same in every man. Regardless of whether he comes from Asia, Africa, Europe, or America, he has very much the same idea of fair play as his fellow man, who may come from a country ten thousand miles away. . . . The future of the world depends on the extent to which we can base international relations on that sense of justice and fair play which lives in every human heart (*Think*, June 1957, page 22).

Mary Hawkins, editor of the *Journal of Home Economics*, reporting on the Ninth International Congress on Home Economics, held in College Park, Maryland, July 1958, stated:

> With other members of the international permanent council of the federation . . . a program of importance was developed, but even more than that there was a readiness, a fluidity, a possibility of achievement made ready for the character of the Congress.
>
> And a character did unfold. It had many sides, but the most inspiring and

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the most awesome was its universality. We saw that "one world" is no longer just a concept; it is a reality. It operates in the lives of everyday people, not just among statesmen and internationalists. It can bring women in religious habits across an ocean and women in saris halfway around the world to meet together, to find a common denominator of values, and to draw comfort from each other's experiences. It batters against the language barrier and reconciles differences in color, nationality, and occupation. With our minds, we have known that this new character was abroad in the world; we know it now in our hearts and remembered handshakes. We know it in cool Finnish melodies sung on a sticky, southern night. We saw it in each person's realization that he or she had something to give to the Congress (Hawkins, Mary, "This Is Our World," *Journal of Home Economics*, Vol. 50, No. 8, October 1958, page 611, used by permission).

These two individuals as a result of their positions and experiences have been able to see "one world" in the making. They have been able to see the contributions which mature, creative living can make.

Another experience in life which brings values into sharp focus is the anticipation of death. Mrs. Hazel Beck Andre's account of "My Last Wonderful Days" provides guidance and inspiration not only for those who anticipate death within a few weeks or days, but for anyone who wishes to live creatively throughout life, realizing that death will ultimately come to him. After telling of her feelings in learning of her condition, the adjustments which she and her husband made, and the manner in which they tried to help their children face the inevitable, she summarizes her philosophy by saying:

> I have no regrets—my life has been rich and full, and I have loved every minu of it. But if I were to live it over, would take more time for savoring beauty—sunrises; opening crabapple bl soms . . . the delighted surprised look a tiny girl's face as she pets a kitty the first time.
>
> I would eliminate enough outside act ities so that I could be always the sere core of my home—for the triumph serenity has crystallized for me and family in these last days. There wou be more time for family and for clo personal friends.
>
> I would get closer to people fast When death is imminent, we open co hearts quickly and wide. How much mo Christian love there would be if we did wait for death to release our reserves!
>
> I would live each day as if it were last one, as I am doing now (Andr Hazel Beck, "My Last Wonderful Day *Farm Journal*, July 1956, used by permi sion).

Can we take lessons from su experiences to help us reappraise o values in an effort to discover if v are living creatively? Are we e periencing the potential within u Are we making the contributions services to others that we mig make. Are we contributing to t peace of the world by being awa of the needs of individuals arou the world and conditions in whi they live, and being aware of t implications which our own int personal relationships have as th influence other people? Can o scope and understandings be e larged in order that we may embra the following prayer uttered by fellow American, Benjamin Fran lin, when he said:

> God grant that not only the love liberty but a thorough knowledge of t rights of man may pervade all the natio of the earth, so that a philosopher m set his foot anywhere on its surface a say, "This is my country."

Thoughts for Discussion

1. In what way do you participate on the "frontiers" discussed?
2. Are you a supporter of explorations on these various frontiers or are you a resister?
3. What specifically have you done and are you doing to chart a course toward eternal values? Have your efforts been vague and abstract or are they practical and useful?
4. What steps can you take to become more creative?
5. Have you appraised your values recently? Are you putting first things first?
6. If you knew you had only two weeks left to live, would you alter your daily activities and ways of behaving? If so, in what ways? Also, if so, wouldn't it be well to do it now while there is still time?

Supplementary References

CHRISTIANSEN, ELRAY L.: "The Need for Charity," *The Improvement Era*, June 1956, page 434.

MCKAY, DAVID O.: "A Summation and a Blessing," *The Improvement Era*, June 1958, pp. 464-465.

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From Near and Far

President Fisher and I visited a Toc-H Club (a world-wide women's service club, I believe) — President had been asked to speak. We took a number of magazines with us, but *The Relief Society Magazine* really impressed the women. They said it is what they are striving for. They were amazed at the scope of our work. . . . One little woman, a member of the Church, eighty-three years old, who reads very well, has been bedfast in a hospital for six years. She looks forward to our visits and to the *Magazine*. She says the trouble is the nurses borrow the *Magazines* before she finishes. Who knows where they might do the most good?

—Holly W. Fisher
President
South African Mission
Relief Society
Mowbray, South Africa

The *Magazine* certainly is a blessing to all our family, and we enjoy all the articles and stories. The recipes are especially interesting. I am the theology teacher in our branch and have enjoyed using the lesson material in the *Magazine* and find that very good lessons can be prepared by use of the *Magazine* and the standard works of the Church. Elder Doxey has done a marvelous job in writing these lessons.

—Bernice Kentner
North Platte, Nebraska

I was thrilled when I read in the October *Magazine* (Sixty Years Ago, page 656) the account of the Relief Society being organized in St. John, Kansas, July 8, 1899. I was a seventeen-year-old girl living there at that time and well remember that ice cream social and the delicious ice cream. We girls did not quilt, but we helped sew carpet rags and make those comforts. Sister Breckenridge was a lovely lady. All the family are dead now except her daughter Mary. She has just made an extended visit to St. John from her home in Spanish Fork, Utah. Those good old times were the happiest days of my life.

—Georgia C. Carr
Hattiesburg, Mississippi

I feel I must write and thank you f the wonderful *Relief Society Magazin* I am not able to get to my branch, Georg Lane, Lewisham, London, as I live Birchington. I read the *Magazine* and a able to keep up with the lessons, and th help me so much in my lonely evening A small group of Relief Society siste occasionally come to visit me for the da and an American, Sister McGee, fro California, visited me often. But n many of the American lads and their wiv are gone away, and many of the big hous are empty now, where your lads and th wives lived, and their children attend our schools. I have met many young m sionary lads, as well as servicemen, wh I lived at Spur Road, Orpington, Ke when my husband was alive. I was fortunate that Sister McGee gave me invitation to go with her and her h band to the dedication of our beauti London Temple. When I caught t first glimpse of that spire rising into t sky, I knew for a surety it was t temple of God. Now I must say h sorry I am not to have written sooner thank you for the wonderful *Magazine*.

—Lily N. Jordan
Birchington, England

I enjoy the *Magazine* very much, as also my family, especially my husba We think the stories are very good a also the poetry. I have not been witho the *Magazine* in my home since I was f married, some eighteen years ago.

—Dorothy M. Loveland
Burley, Idaho

We have lived in many parts of world, and I have always thought t the place we were living in at the ti was the best place in all the Church which to live, that the members w kinder, more loving, that the spirit w sweeter. I find that Ames is now best place to be. Thank you for wonderful messages you continue to s us in *The Relief Society Magazine*. I a privilege to be counted among the m bers of such an organization.

—Virginia Cott
Ames, Iowa

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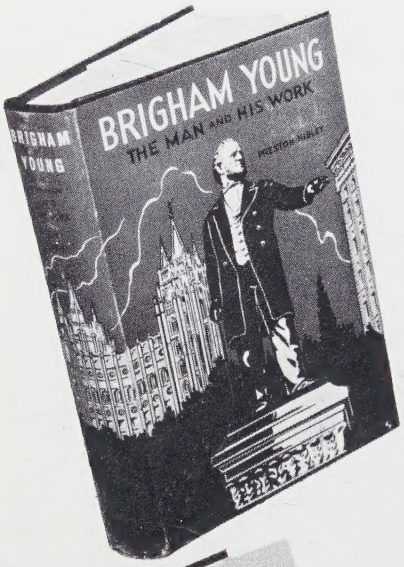

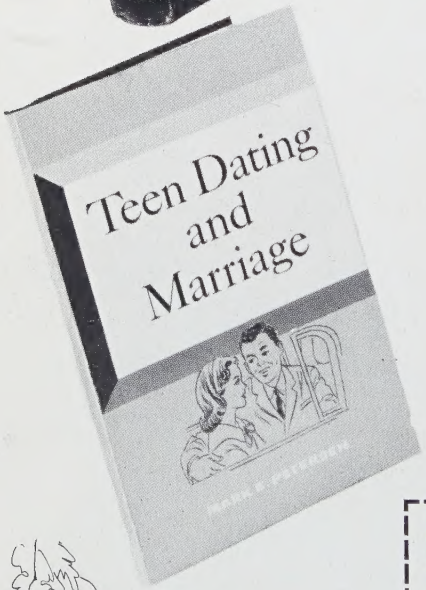

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